NEW SERIAL STORY JUST BEGUN.

Turn to page 199.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT:
"Wherever the
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(Chamberland)
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been applied, Typhoid or has disappeared."

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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DR. ANDREW WILSON F.R.S.E., etc.
FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
COCOA
Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.
300 GOLD MEDALS, &C.

No. 637.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 2, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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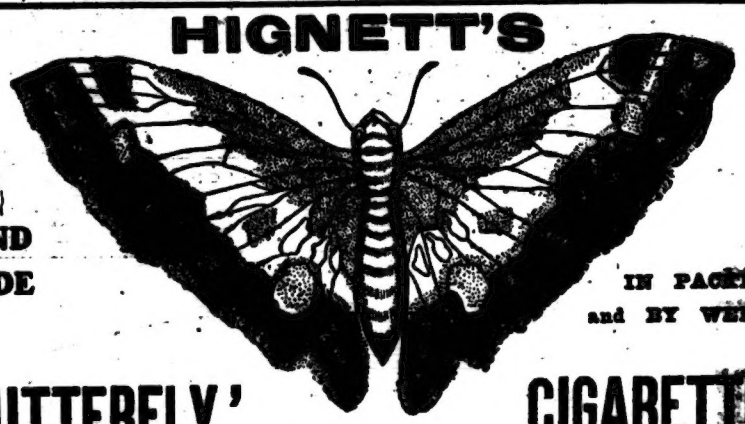

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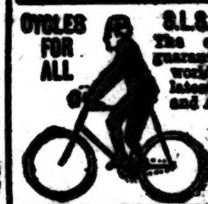

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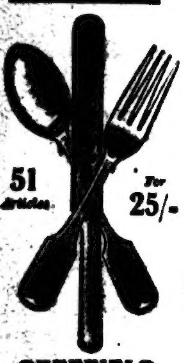

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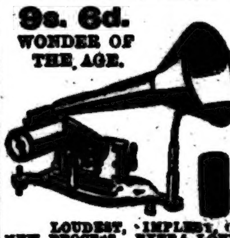

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GOLD & CO., No. 50 THE WATCH HOUSE, Delamere ...

WINTER IS COMING AGAIN, SO ARE PING-PONG AND TABLE-TENNIS.

Last year we offered to send, post free (in the United Kingdom) 12 "Globe Polish" Celluloid Balls for Ping-Pong or Table-Tennis, guaranteed regulation size and of highest quality, for 6d. We sold Thousands. This year

12 BALLS FOR 6d.

we make the same offer. Send early, as all orders will be executed in strict rotation, and last year the demand was so great that we frequently got a little behind with deliveries.

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The "Elegant" Parcel, **36/-** LADY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, CONTAINING:

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TERMS. Send only 6s. with order, and, if the parcel meets with your entire approval, complete the purchase in five more monthly payments of 6s. each. If you are not perfectly satisfied, return the Goods and your deposit will be promptly refunded in full.

IMPORTANT.

When ordering please state Length of Dress Skirt in front from below waist band, also size of Corsets when ... Waist Measurement over dress.

Send for our No. 2 Illustrated Catalogue of Costumes, Drapery, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Youths' Clothing, etc. Post Free to any address.

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SEE OPPOSITE. ☞

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

PAGE 199. THAT'S THE ONE!

No. 637. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 2, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

IT WOULD ALTER THE CASE.

AN Irish couple, whose married bliss was not without a few "squalls," received a homely lecture from their spiritual adviser, regarding their disgraceful quarrels.

His reverence: "That dog and cat you have, agree better than you."

The reply somewhat upset him:

"If yer riverence 'll toie them tigither, ye'll soon change yer moind."

"DON'T you think you have a good mamma to spread such nice large slices of bread-and-jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea.

"Yes," was the reply; "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread the jam on myself."

DORIS: "I don't mind Harry's slang; he is so clever in the use of it."

Marie: "How so?"

Doris: "Why, he sent me these photos of 'famous beauties,' with a card on which the only words were, 'You're another.'"

THE TAILOR'S CUTE DODGE.

"YOU'VE made a mistake in my bill!" said a young man excitedly to his tailor.

"Impossible!" asserted the tradesman mildly.

"Oh, but it's so!" exclaimed the youth in a flurry. "Look here! There's a sovereign too much charged on this bill."

The tailor compared the bill with his books.

"You're right, sir," he admitted. "I'll take the sovereign off. By-the-bye, how much did you say you wanted to pay on account?"

The young man grew red, coughed, and finally produced a couple of pounds.

"That works every time," remarked the tailor to a friend, after the customer had departed. "Nothing brings a man here in such a hurry as to overcharge him on his bill. When a customer gets a little backward and dodges the place, I send him a bill overcharging him. He rushes to the shop to have the mistake corrected, and a little diplomacy does the rest."

TUBBS: "I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face."

Grubbs: "Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors."

SHE: "Those flowers are lovely, but I—mamma thinks it is not right for me to accept such gifts unless—unless we are engaged."

He: "Well, I suppose it must be a match, then. Those flowers cost a pound, and it seems a pity to have the money thrown away."

WHY THE HEN CACKLES.

THE accepted explanation of the cackling in which a hen indulges after laying an egg is that she is so pleased that she wants everyone to know it. The cock answers the cackle with a crow, and this is taken as further indication that both are immensely proud of the achievement. This explanation is not tenable; if we consider the question fairly, we shall see that instinct would teach the hen that to cackle is to call the attention of the enemy to both herself and her embryo offspring, which she would naturally avoid doing.

The cackle is a relic of long bygone days, when fowls were not domesticated, and ran about wild. When the hen wished to lay, she retired from the rest of the fowl community and performed the task. By the time she was ready to rejoin the commonwealth the other members had wandered some distance, and she did not know where they were. She waited till she had gone some distance from the egg in order not to endanger it, and then she cackled, after also having taken a good look round to assure herself that no enemies were near.

The cock, hearing the cackle, answered it by a crow, and thus informed the hen of the whereabouts of the tribe. This sort of thing may be seen now among the ancestors of our domestic fowl in the Malay countries and India. Domestication has changed some of the characteristics of the rooster, but the cackle survives by a strange freak of nature.

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THE FIRESHINE HOUR.

When the long bright day in the gleaming wanes,
  And the red sun sinks to rest,
As the kine come home through the misty lanes
  And the song-bird seeks her nest;
Then a heart beats higher and eyes grow sweet,
  With never a wonder why;
For many a lass and her lover meet
  When the fireshine hour draws nigh.
And they sit and dream in the firelight glow,
  And her face is fair as a flow'r;
The happiest dream that the heart can know
  Is dreamt in the fireshine hour!

There is one who sits when the world is grey
  Where the flickering firelight falls,
While the shadows play in a ghostly way
  On the quaint old parlour walls.
They are young no more, yet her eyes grow sweet
  As he passes slowly by,
And sits him down in the chimney seat
  When the fireshine hour draws nigh.
For they meet there still in the firelight glow,
  As they've met come shine and show'r,
And many a dream of the long ago
  Comes back at the fireshine hour!

SHE: "You will ask papa, will you not? Or must I?"

He: "Oh, I have seen him. Fact is, he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose."

MOTHER: "I am afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his attentions."

Daughter: "He is very bashful, you know; but he's offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."

WHY HE WAS BEGGING.

BOY (begging): "Do give me a copper, kind gentleman—spare me a copper."

Gent: "Be off, I haven't time!"

Boy: "Only a ha'penny, sir!"

Gent: "Get away, I tell you!"

Boy: "Well, sir, you needn't give me anything; just let me walk by your side a minute. My mother is standing at the corner yonder, and she'll thrash me if she sees me leave off so soon."

MUSICAL BOX IN YOUR CHEST.

THE doctor hears some curious noises when he places the stethoscope against your chest. When the lungs are in a healthy condition, the medical gentleman hears a pleasant, breezy sound, soft in tone, as you draw in the breath and expel it. Should the instrument convey to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound, he makes a mental note of the fact that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis. In the dry stage of the same complaint the sound is a whistling, wheezy one.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your finger and thumb have touched a sticky substance and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that indicates that air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right to be. Blow across a bottle, and you will produce a sound which is actually to be heard in your chest; it is caused in the same way, that is, by air passing over a cavity.

DOCTOR: "Countess, I should be glad if you would cough."

Countess: "I don't feel disposed to do so just now." (To her maid): "Eliza, cough like I did this morning."

"YOUR engagement to Mr. Puddington did not last long."

"No; his penmanship is so bad that I had to have his letters typo-written before I could read them—and he didn't like that."

NURSERY . . NEWS. . . . .

This is the title of an eight-page magazine for Children, which will in future be given away every week with *Pearson's Weekly*.

100 Prizes for Children Every Week.

No. 1 of . . .

NURSERY NEWS

will be given with our next number.

HAD MARKED FOR THEM BEFORE.

DURING the training of militia in an Ayrshire town a company were ordered off for ball-firing, including a man Macphee, noted for his simplicity, who was singled out as a "marker."

Before the firing began, the sergeant took up his glasses to see if all were ready, when, to his horror, he saw Jock coolly standing in front of the target.

Thinking the man insane, the sergeant at once hastened to the rescue. In an authoritative voice he demanded the meaning of such reckless conduct, and branded Jock as a fool.

"I no sich a fool as you think," retorted Jock. "I ken the safest place weel enough; I once marked for your company before."

"I HAD a proposal last night, and refused it."

"You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"

BUSINESS MAN: "I've lost a good deal of time in m life."

Clergyman: "By frittering it away, I suppose."

Business Man: "No, by being punctual to my appointments."

"WHEN was the prisoner last sent to gaol?" asked the magistrate.

"In March," said the constable.

"As long ago as March? Really, this is most gratifying. Oh, by the way, when did she come out?"

"Yesterday," said the policeman pensively.

AIRING DOGS AT £2 A WEEK.

THERE are thousands of people who own dogs which they themselves cannot attend to for want of time if for no other reason. They do not care to entrust these animals to the care of servants, who are not always so careful towards the dogs as the owners would like them to be. In these cases, the owners are glad to avail themselves of the services of a young lady to brush and comb the dogs, and to take them for their daily constitutional in the park or elsewhere. This is where the dogs' governess comes in.

For looking after three dogs—brushing them and taking them out in the park—one London lady pays a girl eight shillings per week; the work occupies about an hour and a half each morning, from 9 till 10.30. The girl is then free to do the same thing for some other dog owner, and she can often earn £2 a week at this work. She dresses well, and the aristocratic ladies of the Row and elsewhere do not guess that she is not the daughter of some well-to-do resident of the West-end, taking her own or her father's dogs for an airing.

It sometimes happens that she loses the chance of adding another patron to her list because she cannot take the dogs out at the time desired by the new client but on the whole the full number of patrons is secured and the £2 per week maintained.

"Black Fortune"—the greatest romance of the century. (See page 199.)

Mr. Burton's Aunt.

By Rosalie Neish.

"Mr dear Amelia, I wish you would try and be a little more genteel."

Mrs. John Burton glanced at her husband, and, sighing impatiently, ran her needle through the sock she was mending into her finger; but she said nothing. Indeed, there were times when she really had nothing to say.

Mrs. Burton, the youngest and fairest daughter of the local greengrocer, had lately married Mr. John Burton, former head footman and present butler to Lord Farrow.

Whether the honour conferred upon her husband had completely overpowered her already meek spirit, or whether his continual reminder that he had married beneath him depressed her, I do not know, but, whereas Amelia Burton had formerly been the life and soul of the little shop at home, she was now, although only a bride of six weeks' standing, a very meek little person indeed.

Mr. Burton, although in service, found time to pay not only periodical, but frequent visits to his home.

"You don't seem very busy," said his wife, trying to turn the conversation.

"Busy?" he repeated contemptuously; "I'm never busy. It ain't my place to be busy, Amelia, when there's three under me to do the work."

"Three? Lor', John!" ejaculated his wife.

"Don't say 'lor,' it's vulgar," corrected her husband, whose manners and voice were superior.

"Very well, John."

Mrs. Burton had lately got into the habit of saying, "very well, John," but she nevertheless deeply resented being snubbed.

"Fancy me busy," continued Mr. Burton leftily. "Why all the time I've bin a butler" (it was nearly three months since his promotion), "I've never once, not once, so much as put a bit of coal on the drawing-room fire."

Mrs. Burton, intent upon an unusually large hole in her husband's socks, apparently caught only the word coal. She laid the sock down for a moment. "That reminds me, John, just fill up that scuttle for me, will you?"

The butler rose. "Well, I must really go." He paused again a moment and looked down at his wife, whose pretty face was puckered into a frown over his socks, and whose plain, drab-coloured blouse detracted as much as possible from her fresh good looks.

"I do wish you'd try and be more genteel, Amelia," he said severely. "It's such a pity you ain't mixed more in Society. You've no idea of the good it would do you and the manners you'd get. Why, only yesterday Miss Brown, the Duchess of Alton's maid, who is staying at our place, told me what she thought of my manners. 'Talk of superior manners, Mr. Burton,' she said, 'I never saw manners like yours; why they'd take you anywhere, they would carry you through a ducal 'all or a Royal palace. And the way you dress, well, I never saw anything more in good taste than your clothes' —those were her very words. Are you listening, Amelia?" he added sharply, as his wife took a garment out of a basket by her side, and examined it with an air of distraction and her head very much on one side.

"To tell the truth, John, I was wondering if this vest of yours would stand another patch," she answered sweetly, and a moment later she was looking round with rather a dazed expression at her husband's empty chair.

Presently there came a rap at the door, a rap that was immediately followed by the ample form of a stout, red-faced old lady with a cheery face.

Mrs. Burton sprang to her feet with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. "Oh! Aunt Jane," she cried gladly, "I am glad to see you. Whatever has brought you over again?"

Mrs. Lamb was Mr. Burton's aunt, and Mr. Burton's foster-mother. She greeted his wife affectionately, then sat down.

"Well, my dear," she said kindly and half hesitatingly. "To tell the truth there was a sort o' something, not exactly discontent, but a sort o' something I didn't like about you last time I came over, and so I've come again to see what it is. Are you sure you're quite 'appy? You needn't mind me," she added gently, the old face softening as she spoke, "you needn't mind tellin' me if you ain't, 'Melia, for I brought 'im up and I know his faults, and 'is goodness of 'eart, too."

Mrs. Burton looked half timidly at her husband's aunt. "Well, Aunt Jane," she said with a visible effort, "I'm afraid we ain't getting on quite as we ought; you see, I ain't good enough for 'im. 'E's mixed in such 'igh places and among such 'igh people, and he says I ain't genteel enough; and he says, too, I'm vulgar for 'im." The young wife's eyes slowly filled with tears as she spoke. "And sometimes I think 'e feels that in marryin' me 'e's demeaned 'isself, and—and I don't like it."

"Lor' bless the child!" cried Mrs. Lamb. "Cheer up, I'll soon tell you how to bring 'im to 'is rightful senses. Next time 'e puts on any of 'is airs and graces you just mention my name, not o' purpose, but just casual like. You say, 'I wonder now when Aunt Jane 'll be over again!' and you'll see it'll act like magic, and bring 'im round in no time."

Mrs. Burton looked astonished and incredulous, but she determined to take Aunt Jane's advice.

"Very well, aunt, I'll try it," she said doubtfully. "Shall I go out, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the old lady cheerfully. "You go out, and leave 'im to me, and 'e'll be that pleasant you won't 'ardly know 'im when you see 'im again. S'h, 'ere 'e comes. You go out and do a bit of shopping, and leave 'im to me."

A moment later Mr. Burton entered the room, and greeted his aunt with cordiality, not unmixed with condescension.

Mrs. Lamb regarded him on her part with some disfavour. She was very fond of him, and had been both aunt and mother to him; but she had no patience with this newly-acquired pride or the hussies (all ladies' maids were hussies to her) with whom he consorted. She determined sternly to what she called "take it out of 'im."

After his wife had left the room, Mr. Burton said:

"Aunt Jane."

"Yes, John."

"Do you know, I'm not sure that rather 'asty marriage of mine 'aan't been a mistake?"

"Are you afraid she's too good for you, John?" asked his aunt. "Never mind, lad, a man often ain't good enough for the girl 'e marries. You must try and improve yourself, that's all."

Mr. Burton's face flushed. "I was thinkin' rather the other way on," he said stiffly. "Amelia's 'ardly ——"

"'Ardly what?"

"Well, 'ardly genteel enough. You see, 'er father is rather a rougher sort than I'm used to, and, well—Amelia's ways ain't got the polish on 'em that I'm used to now, and I think p'raps ——" He hesitated, and added modestly, "P'raps I'd a done better to choose someone more in my own station in life. Don't you think so, aunt?"

"My dear lad," said his foster mother kindly, "you take my advice and drop these silly ways—and don't you talk about 'Melia not bein' good enough for you, and genteel enough for you, because, as far as that goes, she's a sight more genteel. I shouldn't 'ave told you what I never 'ave told you, only I don't like to see the child lookin' miserable, and cryin' because she ain't good enough for you, and so I'm going to tell you."

"What do you mean?" cried John angrily; "and what are you 'intin' at?"

"I ain't goin' to 'int at anythink, I'm going to tell you straight out, John, and I'll make it clear in a minute, I will."

"There was once upon a time ——"

John Burton made an impatient movement with his chair.

"There was once upon a time," repeated the old lady slowly and emphatically, "a widder woman, what, bein' very lonely and 'avin' a bit o' money of 'er own, thought she'd be more cheery and more 'appy like if she 'ad a child in the 'ouse—a child she could bring up and eddicate and leave 'er money to, if so be as 'e be'aved 'isself; but the difficulty was to find 'im, becos this widder she didn't know of 'im and she 'adn't got no relations, leastways none that would part with any of their childer to please a widder woman," she added, correcting herself.

John Burton turned round, and stared very hard at his aunt's wrinkled and good-tempered face. "What's the good of you tellin' me this? What's it got to do with me?" he asked rather hoarsely.

"Well, John, my lad, you see, she went and got a child for 'erself, did this widder woman, and 'e wasn't 'er nephew at all really, but she just gave 'im the name of Burton, John Burton she called 'im, and ——"

John Burton sprang to his feet. "Where did she get 'im from?" he cried trembling with anxiety. "Who was 'is parents, and who was 'e, and where did 'e come from? Where did she get 'im from, Aunt Jane? Tell me, can't you?"

"She—she went and fetched 'im out—of—the—workhouse—John," answered the old lady slowly.

• • • • • •

Mrs. John Burton was aware of a gradual and exceedingly pleasant change in her husband's manner towards her. He no longer snubbed his wife, and his manners, if not actually apologetic, were always civil and often pleasant. She on her side made no allusion to his past treatment of her, but fussed over him and spoilt him whenever he came home, only too glad of the change, and too anxious to love him and be loved in return.

But even the best of medicines have their moments of non-efficacy, and one day Mr. Burton, having been to a large servants' ball, where he had received even more adulation than usual, forgot himself, and made some slighting allusion to the want of gentility about his home surroundings.

Mrs. Burton was busy sewing, as usual, at the time, but she laid her socks down on the table. "What say, dear?" she asked gently.

"I was only wishing you had a bit more style about you, Amelia," said her husband, who was in high good humour with himself over the success he had attained at the ball.

"More style," repeated Mrs. Burton, still more gently. "Yes I s'pose there must be times when you wish that, John, mustn't there?"

She rose as she spoke, and, crossing the room, went over to the window and stood looking out into the night.

"I wonder—when—Aunt Jane—will be over again?" she said slowly, and added deprecatingly, "I wish I was a bit more up to your level, John."

There was a moment's tense silence as her husband recalled with a sudden qualm his aunt's words: "'Is wife don't know John, but if 'e don't improve in 'is manner to 'er, there's no saying but what she won't get to know some'ow."

"Oh! you're right enough, Amelia," said John Burton, making a visible effort not to look desperately uncomfortable. "You're quite good enough for me, Amelia; more than good enough in fact, and, as to style, well, style ain't everything when all's said and done."

SMALL NATIONS THAT SING BIG.

Britain is Not in it with Greece, Servia, Flanders, and Poland for Bragging.

When Britons sing "Rule, Britannia," the most patriotic of us feel that, after all, we are indulging in a fair amount of national "bounce" in proclaiming that "Britannia rules the waves" and that "Britons never shall be slaves."

But, big as this sounds, it is absolutely nothing compared with some of the pretensions of the small nations of Europe, whose national songs put "Rule, Britannia," far into the shade in regard to bombast.

Take, for instance, Poland, a country which lies helplessly under the sway of Russia, Germany, and Austria. Here is a specimen of the kind of song the Polish student sings to himself when the Russian policeman is out of earshot:

See the Tsar's great army scattered
In its proud array,
See his conquered legions scattered,
Poles have gained the day.

Denmark is not a particularly formidable nationality, and occupies a very small portion of the earth's surface, yet how does the following national song sound as a piece of self-satisfaction:

While mighty oaks for ships the woods are rearing
To be of Denmark's power the prop and stay,
Yet Denmark stands united in its might,
And honour stands guardian for its right.

We do not hear very much of Flanders nowadays, but that does not at all signify that the Flemish are modest in their ideas of their own national importance. Here is a specimen of what the Flemish patriot sings to himself when he feels a trifle proud of his country:

And praised in history's pages,
Thy rich and fertile ground
Dost high above each neighbour
In art and talent stand.

For a little nation, Servia is particularly bloodthirsty—at any rate, in her national songs. Here is one of a batch of very sanguinary ditties with which the Servian enlivens his smoking concerts:

Servia . . . then, the Danube's gentle daughter,
Rise! Prepare for slaughter.
Foes are near. Will Servia cower?
Rise, and strike for freedom's dower.

Greece goes one even better in "high-falutin'." She sings songs of which the following lines are representative of the spirit:

O, let the tyrants tremble
As we in rank assemble.
Now, forward through the flood,
Through the foeman's crimson blood.

Bohemia, a province of the Austrian Empire, hums to herself the following when she feels warlike. Speaking of herself she sings:

By the towers of God 'tis bounded,
By the noblest sons surrounded,
True and light of heart are they,
Firm and bold in deadly fray.

Nobody knows very much of Iceland, and few people could point at the exact direction in which it lies from our coasts. As to an Icelander being anything of a patriot, the idea would not enter one's head. Yet he is very proud of his native land, and sings to one of the finest melodies in existence the following lines:

Far in the North Sea gleams 'gainst the sky
Iceland, with frost mist around it.
There is a rock fire which never can die,
Olden time pictures surround it.
Stories, like seagulls, widely do fly,
Tell who found it.

While Britain, with her fifth of the earth's surface and command of the oceans of the world, only sings her "Rule, Britannia," with deferential respect, Norway, with a population inferior to that of London, and neither army nor navy to speak of, chimes in with the following:

Strike for old Norway, the land of the free,
Each time we speak of the land of our birth,
Honour old Norway, the crown of the earth.
Hearts beating loudly, and cheeks glowing proudly.

To come to the small nationalities of the British Isles, Britain's national song is simply not in it with those of Wales. Listen to the following:

We will live as freemen live
Or die as warriors die.
Come with weapons gleaming,
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle cry,
Cambria shall be free.

In the famous "Men of Harlech," Englishmen are indicated as follows:

'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.

How little the base Saxon regards these nice references to himself is shown by the fact that he can and does sing the song in question with as much gusto as the Welshman himself.

The reason why the songs of the small and subject races of Europe possess the most defiant national melodies is not far to seek. When a country has been placed under the yoke of a foreign power, all that is strong in her spirit rises to the surface. Hence Poland, Servia, Greece, Bohemia, Iceland, Norway, and other lesser nationalities have got far more to sing for themselves than Britain, France, Austria, Russia, and Germany, who have never seriously known what it means to be under the heel of another power.

"Stories of Clubland" in PEARSON'S are hard to beat. Be sure to read the October one.

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Things Sportsmen Squabble About.

"THE ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, either umpire shall call no ball."

There is the rule which has caused more disputes than any other fifteen words ever laid down by the governing committee of a British game. And of late the fight over it has been keener than ever. The dividing line between throwing and bowling is so fine that that umpire is a brave man who will draw it decidedly.

There are probably more disputes over the laws of cricket than over those of any other game or sport. Shall the stumps be twenty-seven or twenty-nine inches in length? Shall the bat be 4¼ inches, or reduced to 3¾ in diameter? It has been argued lately that the weight of the bat should be limited. This is not done at present. Albert Trott, for instance, is said to play with a bat weighing 3lb.

One of the most furiously debated questions is that of residence. It is well known that a famous bowler a few years ago changed his place of abode from one side of a river to the other simply in order to qualify for a richer county than the one he represented. Four years instead of two should be the minimum residence for qualification, declares one of our greatest authorities.

A year or two ago, the size of billiard balls to be used in matches was fixed absolutely at 2 1-16th inches in diameter. There was a bitter fight about this, and eventually a new rule was passed allowing balls to vary

from 2 1-16th to 2 3-32nd inches.

Even fiercer was the fight over the push stroke. The old rule ran that touching the ball "when taking aim" was simply a foul. It was too much to ask of a referee to decide whether a player was in the act of aiming or striking. In one big match in 1896, the better man was almost beaten by his opponent's use of the push stroke. The new law was then passed which orders that "the ball shall be struck with the point of the cue, and not 'pushed.'"

The success of Oxford in the boat-race last year with a much shorter boat than usual, stirred up the ashes of an old controversy which had been smouldering quietly for several years. In consequence, Eton had a short boat built for Henley. But in this they lost the Ladies' Plate, and the pendulum seems again to have swung in the direction of length.

The length of oars is another point on which every rowing man has his own opinion. Some say six feet six, some seven feet, a few advocate

even greater lengths.

Considering that some sportsmen cannot fire fifty shots from an ordinary twelve bore gun without suffering agonies from headache, it is hardly wonderful that with these the smaller twenty bores came into favour. Sportsmen of the old school jeered at these "ladies' weapons," and one old squire, who has big covers in the Midlands, absolutely refused to allow anyone to shoot on his property with a twenty bore. He declared that they crippled pheasants without killing them.

Lately there came a swing back to twelve bores, only, instead of the old-fashioned cartridge, "pigmies" are much used, that is to say, cartridges only two inches long. And these are being fought over as keenly as were the twenty bores. Some déclare that the shot "ball" from a pigmy—that is, fly in a lump and do not spread sufficiently. All the same, the use of pigmies is certainly increasing.

As for military rifles, the bore of these weapons has been a constant subject of discussion for over half a century. In 1850 Britain used the eleven bore Brown Bess, with a calibre of three-quarters of an inch. Since that time the bore has been gradually decreasing, until now the United States Navy uses a rifle of which the bore is .236, or less than a quarter of an inch. An Austrian long range weapon, the Mannlicher, as well as several other rifles, are made of

even smaller calibre.

The advocates of small bores point to the fact that they shoot extremely accurately, and that in the case of the now universally-used magazine rifles, the ammunition must be light in order to carry a sufficient quantity. Their opponents admit these advantages, but put against them the undoubted fact that a small bore bullet does not stop a charging Afridi or Arab; and also that small bore weapons foul more seriously than those of larger calibre.

Anglers are not, as a rule, quarrelsome people. But hundreds of columns have been written on the respective merits of dry and wet fly fishing. Very few people practise both, and the dry fly man usually, but very unjustly, despises the sportsman who is content to use a wet or sunk fly.

Bottom-fishers argue endlessly over the merits of different shaped hooks. The Limerick, the Kendal, the newer varieties as the Pennell-Limerick all have their ardent champions. In the matter of baits each has his own preference. Mr Bickerdyke mentions a man who for roach fishing would use only a combination of flour, sugar and vermilion mixed with gin into a stiff paste.

Golf is another pastime usually supposed to be that of the quiet man. But the world of golf is at present in the throes of controversy over the new Haskell golf ball. This ball is made of gutta percha over elastic, and enables the average player to drive considerably farther than he can with the ordinary pattern.

If the ball is to be permitted, it is feared that all the courses in the kingdom will have to be altered, and the holes placed farther apart. Another objection to the Haskell ball is that it costs double the price of usual ball, yet apparently lasts no longer, a serious consideration with the average

player of the ancient game.

Hunting people have no special rules to squabble over, but, for all that, there are no more violent rows than are sometimes seen in the hunting field. Some farmers declare that hounds have no right to cross their land, and lay poison. In April, last year, a number of hounds were lost from strychnine poisoning in the Midlands. Occasionally there is friction between hunting and shooting men.

The owner of certain well-known coverts in Essex on one occasion asked the acting master to stop the hounds from entering his coverts. The latter refused, as the hounds were close on their fox. The result was that these coverts were closed against the Essex Hunt. A well-known M.P., however, offered his services to arbitrate, and the Essex hounds are now again free of the woods in question.

A much worse quarrel took place in Wiltshire a year or two ago, when a crusty owner of coverts sent out a number of gamekeepers armed with guns to keep the hounds out of his preserves. Stones and hunting crops were used pretty freely, and the ill feeling

has not yet subsided.

A French judge recently decided that a hare belonged to the man who killed it, not to the one who had first wounded it. Such a decision is absolutely contrary to the canons of British sport. To the man who draws first blood belongs the beast. In pig-sticking, the great Indian sport, the rider who first pricks the boar's skin enough to draw the thinnest trickle of blood obtains the coveted tusks, and the same holds good in tiger shooting. Of course, there is much discussion on the hardships of this law.

Take a recent case as an example. In a tiger hunt in Central India a year ago, a man posted in perfect safety, high up in a tree, got first shot, and broke the tiger's leg. Infuriated by the injury, the great brute sprang upon another man, mauled him horribly, and would certainly have killed him, had he not preserved his presence of mind in wonderful fashion, and managed to jam his rifle barrel down the creature's throat, and pull the trigger. He bears the scars of a dozen tooth marks, but the grand, striped hide and huge claws are the property of the fluker who fired the first shot.

ONE woman always pays more attention to what another woman has on than to what she says.

"You say you are thankful you have a cold?"

"Yes," answered the optimist. "A cold is one of the few ailments a doctor will undertake to cure nowadays without a surgical operation."

AMATEUR PALMIST: "The life line indicates how long you will live."

Sceptical Friend: "Yes? Isn't it a wonder the life insurance companies pay no attention to it?"

"POOR little Billy!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"He was taking German lessons from a female teacher, you know. Well, she had him propose to her in German, and before he knew what he was saying she accepted him."

MOTHER: "Mercy on us! Why is the light turned out?"

Pretty Daughter: "I—I turned it out because the—the brilliant sparkle of the diamond engagement ring Mr. Nicefello has just given me was making my eyes tired."

Mother (hastily retiring): "Oh, yes, yes, of course."

WHEN you see a young man sitting in a parlour, with the ugliest four-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in a mirror clambering over his knees, jerking his necktie out of place, ruffling his shirt-front, pulling his hair, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for coppers, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic paper, you may safely say that the howling boy has a sister who is in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

ARE COPY BOOKS CORRUPT?

BY THE CANTANKEROUS CRANK.

(Don't believe a word he says.—Ed.)

MORE injury is being wrought through the pernicious medium of copy books in our schools than can well be estimated. Every day the minds of tender youth are being polluted by a series of proverbs as pernicious as they are absurd and inaccurate.

Take, for instance, the motto, "Better late than never." In the first instance it is improper, as it gives the youthful mind a sort of copy book authorisation for being late. Secondly, it is untrue It is not better late than never. To turn up half an hour or more late at your office will undoubtedly bring trouble on most people. It argues carelessness and indifference on their part which no employer will tolerate

On the other hand, not turning up at all does you no actual harm. You have, of course, got neuralgia, or have to inadvertently bury your grandmother, or sit on a jury. It is, therefore, far better to be never than late, so far as your personal reputation is concerned. Nobody blames you for being never, while everyone upbraids you for being late.

Then that old barnacle, "A stitch in time saves nine." Well, supposing it does? Is it not just as easy to put in nine stitches as one while you are about it? Who wants to strain their eyes and their temper threading a needle, and getting it mobilised for action just for one stitch?

Besides, if your garment is in such a rotten state that it is going to come unstitched wholesale because of one little slit, is it not better to wait till the nine stitches are necessary, and then have the whole thing sewn up on a durable scale and done with it. Still further, in these days of sewing machines, is it any more trouble to run along nine stitches than one? Certainly, it is very much less. I'd like to meet the sewing person who could execute one stitch at all on a machine. It is like finding one grain of sand.

Then "Look before you leap." This is a positive incitement to cowardice, and the person who coined it should have his remains excavated and thrown into the Ship Canal. Who ever found he could leap better after looking at a ditch or fence? I have not met the man. Directly you look at it you begin to doubt whether you could leap it at all, and wonder if there is a stretcher handy if you should try. The result is that you so lose confidence that you either do not leap at all, or break your neck in doing so. On no account look before you leap. Just jump and don't think about it, and you'll get home.

Was there ever a more miserable, mean sort of proverb than "Honesty is the best policy"? You are to be honest, my young friend. Why? Because it is right and noble to be so? Oh, dear no! Because it is the best policy, of course. Because there's something hanging to it, if you look out. A nice sort of thing to instruct our young!

Then "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Utterly misleading. Look after the pounds, my young friend, and the pennies will take care of themselves. By wasting your time and intellect over pennies you lose sight of the pounds altogether, and end up on 240 pennies a week instead of pounds. Who could ever expect children to become Carnegies and Liptons when they are told to look after pennies, and ignore pounds.

It is a pure fiction to say that "The early bird catches the worm." It is a fact of natural history that the bird which catches the most worms on the market is the Kiwi, which is the latest of all birds, and never on any account turns out before midnight, when it simply scoops home all available worms within a radius of four miles.

Then "A rolling stone gathers no moss." This wretched proverb is daily thrust down the throats of thousands of enterprising young men who, instead of sitting on a given stool all their lives, have gone in for taking the main chance whenever it presented itself, and finally jumped into those positions which they find themselves best suited for. A rolling stone may not gather moss, but what properly-minded stone wants moss at all?

Surely such sport as is to be derived from the existence of the molecules of a stone must be confined to such rolling as it gets every million decades or so? Fancy condemning a poor stone to be encumbered by such a greasy, unpleasant substance as moss, and whenever there is an earthquake or volcano going, to be compelled to stick still instead of taking a nice little trip of twenty miles or so.

"He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." Well, is not this a positive invitation to run away? Is it not far better when you are beaten and outnumbered to escape, and fight another day when you are in better circumstances? Apart, altogether, from the absurdity of holding this proverb against one, it is clearly not in accord with facts. De Wet always ran away; yet during the whole of the war, he never had any serious battle to fight at all.

Finally, that quite inaccurate proverb, "Brevity is the soul of wit." How can this be sustained, when it is remembered that these articles are invariably a column in length?

A powerful story of intense dramatic interest—"Black Fortune." (Page 199.)

?QUESTIONS? WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

RICHEST IN RUINS.

Which County in England Contains the Most Interesting Ruins? (6217.)

Kent, which holds the relics of every period of English history. Druidical remains have been traced, but they have been covered up, or destroyed, by those of Roman, and of later times. There is said to have been a fortress where Dover Castle now stands even before the landing of Julius Cæsar, and, in any case, parts of the present building date from his landing. The ancient Roman road, known nowadays as Watling Street, is still visible in places, and at Keston, and elsewhere, are the remains of Roman settlements.

The Archbishop's palace at Canterbury is built on the site of the Royal palace given by Ethelbert to Augustine thirteen centuries ago this year, and, although none of the original building remains there are portions that go back almost as far. Battle Abbey, or what is left of it, marks where Hastings was fought. Reculver is associated with the dissolution of the Heptarchy, and Chatham Dockyard with the growth of the Navy in Elizabethan and Stuart times. In Kent altogether there were seven abbeys, twenty priories, six nunneries, five colleges, and fifteen hospitals, and the ruins of many of these still remain.

A SPLIT FIVER.

Is it True that a £5 Note was once Split so that it Made Two? (6218.)

This was done fifty years ago by a clever American, whose identity was not made public. The Bank naturally took alarm when the fact was proved, and the discoverer of the process was offered a large reward for his secret in the event of his performing the operation on a specially-marked note. Such a note was sent to him and in three days came back split in two. It was, however, discovered that there was no real danger of fraud, since only one half of the note could be passed. The impression on the other half was not plain enough to deceive anyone. The practical result was the use of another kind of ink, printing only on the surface. If anyone split a banknote now the back half would be entirely blank.

PICTURE COUNTING.

What is the Origin of the Roman Numeral? (6221.)

The true origin of this system of notation is to be found in the picture writing which was probably man's earliest form of expressing his ideas, and like all other systems it was based upon the simple fact that man has ten fingers and ten toes. For instance, I is the forefinger of the hand uplifted, and so on, up to IIII. V is the whole hand outlined. The thick stroke on the left-hand side represents the thumb, the thin one the little finger. X represents the outline of a man with his arms and legs apart, and means one man up; that is to say, ten; the aggregate of both hands. This receives curious confirmation from the fact that such an outline stands for ten in the picture writings of the ancient American Indians.

Later developments gave IV., that is to say, five minus one, while VI. is five plus one, and so on, just as IX. means ten less one, and XII. is twelve, or ten plus two. Later still came the symbols L, C, D, and M. L. is the half of C, which was first written "[," and meant one hundred, wherefore L means fifty. M is the initial of mille, a thousand, but this was first represented by the sign OO now used to denote infinity, and D (500) is a corrupt form of half of this.

THREE WAYS OF WRITING.

Why do Some Nations Read from Left to Right, and Others from Right to Left? (6219.)

The origin of all writing is too obscure for any definite answer to be given. The probability, which is supported by several facts, is that when writing was performed by stamping, carving, or tracing on clay, stone or wax, it was equally convenient to write either way or both, and ancient inscriptions certainly bear out this theory to some extent. But when a writing fluid was used, the inconvenience of writing both ways would become apparent, as clumsiness and smearing would result.

Hence written script, as a rule, runs one of the two ways. The Chinese, who have used writing fluid for ages, write in vertical columns. The Egyptians did the same, but they also wrote both ways horizontally as well. Of these three methods the Greeks, who were the literary teachers of the Western world, chose the left-to-right direction as most convenient, and this is probably the real reason why the West always writes from left to right, while the East continues to write both ways, as well as up and down.

DELUGE LEGENDS.

Is there any Written Record of the Deluge beside the Bible? (6222.)

Yes, there are several. The oldest is the Chaldean account written in cuneiform characters on terra-cotta plates. Its date is variously ascribed to the seventeenth and fortieth centuries B.C., but it is probably a comparatively recent collection of very much more ancient legends. It is almost identical, detail for detail, with the narrative in Genesis, even to the sending out of the birds, save that a swallow was sent as well as the dove and the raven. The construction of the Ark is almost the same, and Nochus, the King and restorer of humanity, built an altar, and made sacrifice to the gods, just as Noah did, and was rewarded with a warning and a promise, of which latter the rainbow was the sign.

Another Chaldœan account gives the name of the principal actor as Adra-Hasis, the flood hero. Very early Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoo classics, and ancient Egyptian and Greek writers, have recorded almost exactly similar catastrophes, and Humbolt even discovered such an account among the picture writings of the ancient Mexicans. The explanation probably is that, in very remote times when changes of sea and land area were very much more sudden than they are now, nearly every race of mankind suffered some such catastrophe, and that when the age of writing was reached, these vague traditions were assimilated, and gradually grew into shapes which possess a very strong family likeness.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

Are there any Fishes that Construct Nests? (6224.)

There are several of these known to the naturalist. The best known of them is our own familiar stickleback, of which, roughly speaking, there are two kinds, the marine and the freshwater. The former builds nests of seaweed, which it binds together by a kind of silken thread. The latter makes its nest of little sticks and blades of grass and stones. There is a sort of roof to the nest, with a hole in it through which the eggs are deposited.

In both these cases it is always the male fish that constructs the nest, and guards the young till they are able to take care of themselves. In the so-called Sargasso Sea, in mid-Atlantic, there is a small fish known as the antennarius, which constructs a nest out of the Sargasso weed. The hassar, a freshwater fish of tropical America, builds nests, not in the water, but in a muddy hole just above water level. There is a species of marine stickleback found in the Black Sea of which both male and female construct the nest, while the female sits on the eggs something like a hen. The chromis of the Sea of Galilee also builds nests; so does the turbot of Mauritius, the Jew-fish of Australia, the mud-fish of the Gambia, the cat-fish of Maine, and the gourami of Java, Borneo, and Sumatra. Some of the sunfish, lampsuckers and doras have the same domestic instincts.

"LIKE ONE O'CLOCK."

What was the Origin of the Expression, "To Hurry Like One o'Clock"? (6223.)

One o'clock is the hour at which, in the great majority of cases, men begin work again after the mid-day rest and refreshment, or leave off their labours. In either case it is a time of bustle and hurry, and in this way the idea of haste has become naturally associated with this hour. The same idea may have been suggested by the fact that the striking of one is the clock's shortest signal. This is very noticeably so in clocks which have a long interval of whirring between each stroke which makes the striking of twelve quite a trial of patience, and the striking of one hurried and short by contrast.

FLOWER CLOCKS.

Has the Time of Day ever been Reckoned by Means of Flowers? (6225.)

Linnæus, who even as a boy showed a passion for flowers, constructed in his day what he called a *horologium floræ*, or floral clock. Such a thing is possible because of the periodic changes in flowers, but mainly their opening and closing at regular intervals. The following from "Flora's Dial" may be sufficient as examples: Opens, a.m., 6, Spotted Cat's-ear; 7, African Marigold; 8, Scarlet Pimpernel; 9, Field Marigold; 10, Red Sandwort; 11, Star of Bethlehem; noon, Ice Plant. Closes, p.m., 1, Red or Proliferous Pink; 2, Purple Sandwort; 3, Dandelion, or Field Marigold; 4, White Spadewort; 5, Common Cat's-ears; 6, White Water Lily; 7, Naked-stalked Poppy.

In Mr. Rockefeller's grounds there is a circular clock dial composed of such flowers in their proper sections. This floral clock marks the hours from 5 a.m. to 2 a.m.

OUR FIRST FIFES.

When was the Fife First Used in the British Army? (6228.)

Shakespere refers to the fife in "Othello"—

> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, &c.

and, doubtless, the fife accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. There is a picture in the Ashmolean Museum, painted in 1525, representing the siege of Pavia, in which we see fifes and drums; and in a journal of the siege of Boulogne, 1544, which is printed in Tymer's "Fœdera," mention is made of "drummes and viffleurs" marching at the head of the king's army. About the close of the reign of Charles I. drums and fifes made up the bands in the British Army, and it may be mentioned that, during the Stuart Dynasty, military fifers were not paid, but were expected to give their services gratuitously. Soon after this period, however, the fife was abandoned in the English armies; and was first revived among our troops by the British Guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in 1747.

MALE-CLAD LADIES.

Does any Country Issue Licenses to Women to Wear Male Attire? (6229.)

This is the case in France. The license costs fifty francs, or about £2 a year. It is, however, more in the nature of a privilege than a right. In other words, it is not possible for any woman to obtain the license merely of payment of a fee. On the contrary, the applicant's reasons for the change of attire are carefully scrutinised, and licenses are only issued in very rare cases. In fact, only six such licenses have been issued. The holders have been and are Georges Sand, the novelist; Rosa Bonheur, the animal painter; Madame Foucalt, the bearded woman; Madame Fourreau, and Madame La Jeanette, two lady sculptors; and Madame Dieulafoi, the celebrated archæologist, whose discoveries in Persia gained her the Legion of Honour. She is the only one licensed to wear male attire who never exchanges it for the garments usually associated with her sex. At the same time, she apes none of the characteristics of men, and is, as a matter of fact, one of the most womanly of women. She adopted the change simply on account of its convenience in travel.

QUESTIONS.

[illegible]. Who were the first people to wear skates?

[illegible]. Have people ever been prosecuted for not residing in their own homes?

[illegible]. Was Admiral Nelson ever defeated in an engagement?

[illegible]. Who was the greatest English musical genius?

[illegible]. How much will a farthing amount to, placed out at 5 per cent. compound interest at the commencement of the Christian era, and continued to the conclusion of the eighteenth century?

[illegible]. Has any competitive cup in yachting or other sports been held by one club or party as long as the America cup has remained with the New York Yachting Club?

[illegible]. Were any of our famous authors self-educated; if not, which had the least education?

[illegible]. What is the longest time a human being has gone without sleep?

[illegible]. If every complete copy of the Bible were destroyed, would it be possible of reproduction by ministers, theologians and others?

[illegible]. Which military equipment has proved to be the greatest acquisition to the British forces?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 42 Ss. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"BUT," hissed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out?"

His miserable accomplice shivered at the thought.

"But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."

A CHEMIST, expatiating on chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat.

A man present at this remark, observed that truly chemistry was a valuable science; but he would like to know what number of snowballs would be sufficient to boil a tea kettle.

FOND MOTHER (to daughter): "Jennie, did you kiss young Gaslkins again to-night?"

Daughter: "Yes, mamma; he's just lost an uncle, and I was sorry for him."

"Well, Jennie, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy he won't have a relative left in the wide, wide world."

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Capital Subscribed - - - [illegible] | Reserves, Dec. 31st, 1901 - - - £1,044,839
Funds, 31st Dec., 1901 (excluding Uncalled Capital) - £1,337,553

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Towns that Do Peculiar Things.

"Now, there's a mighty difference in towns," reflectively remarked Hull.

"A very original remark, Hull. A remarkably original remark," commented Durham.

"Yes; take my own case. Those commercial travellers who visit me only twice a year, make a practice of going straight to the Monument Bridge."

"Why?" innocently queried Harrogate.

"Why?" repeated Hull, in a surprised manner. "Why, in order to take their bearings, of course; the aspect has changed so much in the interval between the visits."

"Whew!" ejaculated Leeds.

"Whew to you!" somewhat angrily retorted the Third Port, which never forgets that, although situated in Yorkshire, it forms a county to itself.

"Thank goodness towns do differ," it proceeded. "Now, Hull men are strong, well-set fellows. Everybody knows Leeds men are narrow-chested."

"What?" shrieked Leeds. "Do you know that you are speaking of the metropolis of the West Riding. Are you aware——"

"Here, Leeds, draw it mild," hoarsely interjected Sheffield, while Bradford put itself

into a pugilistic attitude.

"I repeat," mercilessly continued Hull, "Leeds men are narrow-chested. Ask the recruiting authorities. They will tell you that a considerable number of Leeds men have to be rejected, owing to being narrow-chested. The Army won't have them.

"Really well-developed youths can scarcely be found in the poorer parts of your town. Leeds crushes them up. The recruiting sergeants say that a big number of Leeds youths can be incircled with less than thirty inches of tape."

"Very, very sad," mournfully commented Ashton. "It is a lamentable state of affairs to exist in these days of physical and sanitary education."

"Well, Ashton, that's rich," hotly exclaimed Leeds. "Heh! Fancy that coming from a town which has had an infantile death-rate of 500 for every thousand children born. That coming from a town which has killed half its children under one year of age. Heh!

What next indeed!"

"Oh, but that was only the rate for one month," sullenly responded Ashton. "Longton beats me, on an average of eleven years, so far as child mortality is concerned. All the Staffordshire towns, Longton, Tunstall, Burslem, Bilston, Darlaston, and Newcastle, kill more children than I do. Talk to Ipswich about slaying its inhabitants."

"Well, I think it will be better to talk about something else," said Harrogate, "to say the least about it, it——"

"No, no," quickly remarked Iron Acton in a shrill voice, "let's talk about those towns' records. It amuses me vastly.

"Do you know I was deeply, very deeply offended that *P.W.* did not mention me in the article dealing with the ways we towns had of coronating. You know, I had quite a brilliant way of marking the event. I purchased, out of the rates, a wheeled bier to commemorate the Coronation."

"Lovely, lovely!" ironically exclaimed little Niton. "It reminds me of the condition I was in when the French brig *Russie* went

on the rocks at St. Catharine's."

"What condition was that, little one?" interrogated Wigan.

"At a guess," interpolated Leigh, "I should say that Niton was not altogether sober, but it couldn't be worse than you, Wigan. Why, you are so bad that people can buy anything in Wigan on a Sunday; anything from a needle to a side of bacon."

"Go on with your story, Niton. Nobody ever takes any notice of Leigh," sneered Wigan.

"Well, I must confess I was not sober. You see, the French sailors said that their cargo consisted of casks of salt. Over fifty of these casks were washed on to my foreshore. My people found that the casks each contained from five to a hundred gallons of wines or spirits.

"The news spread, and the people for miles around flocked in, bringing bottles and cans. Before the coastguards and the police realised the situation, hundreds of gallons were removed. Many of the casks were buried in the shingle."

"What happened when the authorities arrived?" asked Wigan.

"They emptied the broached casks into the sea, but all the inhabitants were intoxicated. It was a toper's paradise; never before was such an orgie seen on the Isle of Wight."

"Ah, well, it was very blamable," remarked Harrogate, "but sometimes I feel inclined to drown my sorrows in the flowing bowl. You see, itinerant musicians find I have such a good class of visitors that one remuneration will amount to as much as an organ grinder usually gets in a whole day. What is the result? I am the hub of the organ grinder."

"Poor dear," sympathetically said Leicester. "It's a great pity, but we all have our misfortunes. Now, I wondered if I was asleep or awake when I heard they had been bullock-chasing in my sewers."

"What?" came a chorus of incredulous howls.

"It's a fact. A bullock entered the sewer from the outfall in the River Soar. My Borough Surveyor and his staff were kept hard at work till ten o'clock at night. They tried all they could to eject the invader; he had penetrated the chamber to a distance of half a mile, and he refused to retreat."

"How on earth did you proceed?" inquired Durham.

"Oh, my Surveyor and staff resumed the campaign at half-past four the next morning. At length they succeeded; the bullock being lassoed, and dragged out."

"Did you boil him?" anxiously inquired Blackpool.

"What?" gurgled Leicester, in blank amazement.

"Don't you know what prompted the question?" laughingly said Harrogate. "Blackpool was jealous at the accounts of my preparations to roast a whole ox, so it determined to follow my example. Its attempt was a fiasco. The beast was boiled at the destructor, and if the people had known that

they would not have tasted it."

Durham tittered.

"What's the matter with you, pray?" said Blackpool, glad to be able to vent its ire upon some small town. "What may you be noted for, I'd like to know?"

"For my noble cathedral, 'half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot.' For my beautiful——"

"Streets," sneeringly finished Blackpool. "Never mind the past. Turn your attention to the present. It is your distinction to have the worst pavements in the country. Roads of old, round cobbles. Why, Mr. Justice Grantham said it was a mistake on your part to put down such cobbles."

"But what's the time?" interrupted Hull, fearing a row.

"Can't you tell, without having to ask?" asked Blackpool, not altogether good-tempered yet.

"No; wish I could. It's a funny thing, but no two of my public clocks keep the same time. Anybody standing on the bridge at midnight can hear my church clocks chime the hour one after the other.

"What is the time, I would like to know?" Hull again piteously inquired.

"Time we stopped gossiping," was Durham's reply, after which all was silent.

THEY MET BY CHANCE.

They met by chance; a wayward Fate
  Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
  She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance; the sinking sun
  Cast lengthening shadows on the ground,
The long June day was nearly done,
  And twilight dim was gathering round.

They met by chance; a fateful chance,
  That brought them nearer, nearer still;
Each gave to each a startled glance—
  Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance; a swift, sharp pain
  Unnerves them when they think of that.
They trust they'll never meet again—
  The cyclist and the tabby cat!

"THEY say young Goldleigh is infatuated with Lottie Lightfoot. He's a millionaire, isn't he?"

"I don't know. He was, but he has known her three or four weeks."

"I CONFESS I can't understand what your baby's saying."

"It's a queer language, isn't it?"

"Yes, sort of early English."

IN A.D. 1905.—Mrs. Uptodate (to maid): "Marie, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Uptodate's dinner. I have received a Marconigram that he will not be home until ten o'clock, as his Santos-Dumontobile has had a breakdown."

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM: "How does it happen, dear, that you are never accused of misrepresenting eminent men in your reports of interviews?"

Experienced Interviewer: "I don't print what they say, but what they ought to say."

SHE: "I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose."

Her Husband: "Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time."

ACCIDENTS THAT CAUSED ACCIDENTS.

QUEER CHAINS OF DISASTER.

A LIFT in a City business house was being repaired about eighteen months ago when one of the workmen engaged, slipped, and nearly fell. He made a desperate struggle to save himself, but in doing so upset his tool-bag, which, with its contents, fell down the shaft.

The man recovered his property and finished his work. It so happened, however, that he had not picked up all the contents of his bag. A small metal washer, weighing an ounce or less, remained unsuspected on the top of the cage of the lift.

Gradually, week by week, this morsel of metal worked its way slowly to the edge of the lift—its path was afterwards noticed in the dust on the roof of the cage—until one day it slipped off and dropped into the cogs of the controlling device. The cage was ascending at the moment, and the attendant found it impossible to stop it. It rushed straight to the roof, where the lifting machinery broke and the whole thing plunged back to the bottom of the shaft, killing the unfortunate attendant on the spot.

Even this was not the end of the mischief. A clerk who was on the stairs at the time and saw the accident rushed down so hastily that he fell on the stone steps, sustained concussion of the brain, and had to be taken to the hospital.

It is curious how often it happens that one accident will bring others in its train. One of the worst disasters that ever occurred in a Welsh coal mine was brought about simply by a careless collier falling down and barking his shin. The pain made him cross, and he vented his displeasure by hifting a pit pony on the nose.

The animal kicked out and its hoofs struck a safety lamp and smashed it. The naked flame came in contact with the fire damp, which happened to be plentiful in that gallery; an awful explosion followed, and over a hundred men were killed. The author of all this mischief escaped with his life.

Most singular was the series of accidents which happened two or three years ago to the coachman of the Member of Parliament for Devonport. He foolishly tried to refill the carriage lamps with oil while they were still alight. An explosion ensued, and the poor man was badly burnt.

Two fellow-servants were immediately dispatched in a dog-cart for a doctor. In the dark they drove into a bank and were both thrown out. The horse remained tangled in the harness on the ground. Neither of the men were badly hurt, so they set to work to cut the horse loose. No sooner had they done so than the frightened animal bolted away and left them alone in the darkness.

Speaking of runaways, it would be hard to beat the chapter of accidents which were caused by an omnibus runaway in Kew Road, Richmond. The horses were frightened by a motor-car, and went off at full gallop. First the 'bus struck a mineral water van and wrecked it. Then it hit a butcher's cart, throwing the driver out. The latter was rescued by a policeman just as the wheel of his own cart was on his neck.

Next moment the 'bus struck the rear of a brougham. The brougham horses were so alarmed that they too ran away, and colliding with a fruiterer's cart upset it and the brougham also. Meanwhile the 'bus horses had come to a standstill among the ruins of a hansom cab, the driver of which was so badly hurt that he had to be taken to the hospital. The 'bus and its passengers were the only things left undamaged. Five other vehicles in all had been wrecked.

At Vincennes, in France, a balloon ascent was the initial cause of several accidents. There was a strong wind blowing at the time, and the aeronaut did not wish to ascend. Some ignorant person in the crowd cut one of the restraining ropes. A strong gust coming at the same moment tore away the other ropes, and the balloon swung sideways into some telegraph wires, caught there and took fire.

The crowd stampeded, rushed towards the gate, broke down the barriers, and trampled the gatekeeper under foot. At that moment the balloon exploded and burning fragments rained down, setting fire to the grass, and driving the frightened crowd mad with terror. In the rush which ensued seven or eight people were killed and a number injured.

At sea, too, one disaster will frequently bring others in its train. Two years ago a German steamship went ashore off the Norfolk coast, and got a large hole knocked in her bows. A salvage company temporarily patched her up, in order to take her into dock for repairs.

Two tugs were engaged to tow her, but when they got her off the rocks the tide seized her, and the strain was so heavy that one hawser broke. The big ship swung round dragging the other tug with her. Next moment the patch in her bows gave way, the water rushed in and she sank in an instant, drowning the men who were aboard her. Worse than this, she dragged down a lighter which was attached to her, and only two of the crew of the latter vessel were rescued.

Greatest feast of fiction imaginable—"Black Fortune" (page 199.)

A Schoolboy's Logic.

Indifferent correspondents will sympathise with the lad who, after he had been at a boarding school for a week without writing to his parents, penned the following letter: "Dear people,—I am afraid I shall not be able to write often to you, because you see when anything is happening I haven't time to write, and when nothing is happening there's nothing to write about. So now good-bye, from your Georgie."

Big Hats Annoy Clergyman.

The Rev. T. McGrath, of Fishkill, New York, has rebuked the ladies of his congregation for wearing too large hats. Some of the brims, he said, were so extended that he could not see the wearer's mouth to administer Communion.

Umbrella Carnival.

At Devin, a seaside resort in Germany, an umbrella carnival was arranged, suggested, no doubt, by the rainy weather. Over one thousand people were present carrying umbrellas with fantastic decorations. Prizes were given for the best effects.

Don't Speak Loudly.

Anyone who is partially deaf can hear best when riding in a rumbling train; the rumbling of the heavy wheels on the track causes the drum of the ear to vibrate, and in this way excites the capacity to hear. Instead of raising the voice when speaking to a deaf person in a moving train or other vehicle the voice should be low.

Princess Advertises for Husband.

The following advertisement appeared in the Vienna NEUE FREIE PRESSE for a few days recently: "Princess, young, beautiful, fond of a gay life, is driven to look for a husband by these means owing to the solitude of her life in the country. Only very rich candidates need apply.—Apply to 16,679, at the office of this paper."

Mayn't Marry More than Four Times.

It is not unusual nowadays to hear of octogenarians entering the holy state of matrimony. In Russia love's young dream—in so far as it leads to the altar—is forbidden at that age, while the law equally does not recognise any marriage beyond a fourth. They who marry a fifth time remain in the eye of the law widows or widowers.

A Colonial Boy's Idea of the War.

The first really complete history of the Boer War comes from New Zealand. Here it is: "The Boers fought against England and Mr. Seddon sent the army to Africa and fought them. By and by everyone thought it time to stop, but the Boers wouldn't. So Mr. Seddon went to South Africa and told the Boers he would send another army if they would not make peace, and they did providing he would be their Governor, and he promised he would be." Of course it is not complete in every detail, but then it was only written by a small boy whose teacher required an essay on "The Peace."

Bank Notes in a Sheep.

Some extraordinary but well-authenticated stories of the Bank of France are related. One day a sheep ate up a hundred-franc note belonging to a butcher. The butcher ran into the house of a friend, seized a gun, and shot the sheep. He had no sooner done this than the owner of the gun rushed up. "That was an expensive shot of yours for me," he said. "What do you mean?" asked the butcher. "Well," said the other, "I had seventy francs in bills hidden in the barrel of that gun!" The sheep's carcase was pretty thoroughly searched, and enough of the pieces of the notes recovered, so that the bank redeemed them all.

Large and Small Salaries.

A Parliamentary return relating to the income-tax for the year ending April 5, 1901, shows that 425,660 persons in Great Britain were assessed under Schedule D. Of these 150,852 had incomes not exceeding £200, 94,298 were between £200 and £300, and 33,986 between £300 and £400. The number of incomes between £900 and £1,000 was 2,641, and more than twice as many people (5,762) had between £1,000 and £2,000. One hundred and eighty-four incomes between £10,000 and £50,000 were assessed, and fifteen persons confessed to earning over £50,000. In Ireland only one income exceeding £50,000 was assessed. There were six between £10,000 and £50,000, and five between £5,000 and £10,000.

Yorkshire's Home of Cat's Meat.

The cry of the "cats' meat" man is familiar in most towns, but the preparation of this feline dainty is usually restricted to the immediate neighbourhood in which it is required. In Leeds, however, they prepare cats' meat for London. There is a very considerable business with the metropolis, as well as a fair local trade, and the strings of worn-out horses often seen in Leeds streets are not en route for the Continent to be turned into potted meats, but are going to the local knackers. The horse slaughterer, however, does not wholly depend for his profit upon the meat. The fat goes to soap boilers, the bone to button manufacturers. A pound to twenty-five shillings is the worth of a horse, dead or alive, in his yard. The price of meat in the shop is from 1½d. to 2d. It is also alleged, with what truth we cannot say, that if a young horse is put on the boards there are not a few people who prefer a bit of cheap horse steak to the ancient remnant of cow which poor people buy from the "block ornaments."

Dogs May Bite.

It will be good news for suburban residents to hear that the domestic dog is privileged to bite individuals canvassing for orders. This was pointed out by the West London magistrate to a bitten canvasser (in the garden), who summoned the animal's owner for "allowing a ferocious dog to be at large." The stipendiary dismissed the summons. "A garden is not the street," he said to the aggrieved one, "and you go at your own risk."

The Prisons of the World.

Herr Most, the Anarchist, who has enjoyed an international experience of prison, sums it up in the epigram, "The freer the country the worse the gaol." "I was first," he says, "imprisoned in Austria. There I was treated like a gentleman. In Germany they set me to work at bookbinding. That was easy. In London they made me pick oakum. That was very hard. The first time I was imprisoned in America I had to fire a furnace. That was Hades."

Whisky in Tablets.

A new company has been formed at Binghamton, New York, called the Compressed Spirits Company. It has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing whisky tablets. It is expected that these tablets will be on the market by Christmas, and if they are a success tablets made of other spirits will be manufactured. The tablets will be small in form, and it will be possible for one to carry around considerable liquid refreshment in this shape in one's waistcoat pocket. If the expected success comes the company has a great future before it.

No Turkish Navy.

Under pressure from the Powers, the Sultan recently gave orders for piracy in the Red Sea to be suppressed. It then transpired that the Turkish navy, which still exists on paper, does not possess a single warship, large or small, capable of going to sea. Two merchant steamships used in the coasting trade were hired and fitted out with an armament. These two improvised warships in miniature—neither of them has a displacement of more than 200 tons—constitute in effect the entire Turkish navy available for even the simplest kind of sea-going service.

Not What He Expected.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy. The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked, blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy." "Be sure and get the same kind. A lot of pa's relations are visiting our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again," the small boy explained.

Dog Knows a Restaurant Train.

Jack, a terrier, belonging to Mr. Turner, of the Midland Station at Wellingborough, appears to be able to distinguish a dining car train at a distance by sound or sight. He has taken upon himself the duty of welcoming every train arriving at the station on which there is a restaurant car, and as soon as it stops Jack posts himself on the platform opposite the kitchen compartment. The reward of a bone is generally forthcoming, and, with that in his mouth, Jack trots off across the bridge to enjoy his lunch or dinner. Trains which do not comprise the luxury of restaurant cars Jack regards with complete indifference, and never honours them with the least attention.

Long-distance Heating.

Germans are boasting that there is nowhere in the world a building similar to the one which was recently erected in Dresden. In this novel building there is an immense furnace, from which heat is supplied to several public buildings in Dresden, including the Royal Castle, the Royal Opera House, and the police headquarters. The heat is conveyed to these buildings through pipes, and in some instances the distance is so great that the furnace has been popularly dubbed "the long-distance heating apparatus." This plan of heating large buildings is said to work admirably, and arrangements are now being made to establish similar furnaces in other large cities of Germany.

Yankee Hero Worship.

Sulgrave Manor, in Northamptonshire, once the home of the ancestors of George Washington, is for sale. The projectors of the World's Fair at St. Louis are in treaty for the purchase of the picturesque old house, which was the abode of the Washingtons in the days of their prosperity, with the idea of transporting it, brick by brick and stone by stone, to the great city which has grown up in the Far West. It is, no doubt, difficult to set bounds to the extravagances of hero worship, especially when the hero concerned was so fine a character as the first President and the virtual founder of a powerful state. But the connection of General Washington with Sulgrave Manor is exceedingly remote. His family parted with it half a dozen generations before he was born, and it is quite possible that he never even heard of the place.

High Praise.

The 15th Battalion in the Soudan, which used to be Egyptian, is now formed entirely of the Khalifa's blacks. They had to take over all the worn-out kit of the Egyptians, in accordance with the Sirdar's principles of economy, and not only was this the case, but even the coloured badges on their turbans were altered to crimson, so that a lot of old tar-brushes might be cut up for the purpose. After four months' drill the Sirdar reviewed them, and they marched past him with their clothes in a very ragged state. Their Colonel fully intended to rub this well into the Sirdar at the close of the proceedings. But Lord Kitchener saw it in his eye, and forestalled him with a genial burst of eulogy: "Well, Colonel, you have done excellently. Look at them—pink of condition! Why, they're quite fat—actually bursting their clothes—and all in four months! Good morning. Excellent! excellent!"

The First Picture Postcard.

The first picture postcard was issued in the midst of the Franco-German war for the convenience of soldiers in the camp of Conlie. The pictures—of cannon and similar things—were printed on the same side as the address, the whole of the back being reserved for the record of the purchaser's prowess on the field of carnage.

A Milking Record.

The milking record for New Zealand has been put up by a Plains settler and his wife, who, without any help except what could be given by a twenty-month-old infant, milked seventy-nine cows twice daily. It is a fact, and can be vouched for, that he delivered on an average 2,000 pints of milk a day at the factory, and not a penny was spent in wages last year.

Cobra was "Inconvenient."

Indian station-masters have their peculiar trials. Most of us have heard of the agitated telegram sent by one of this class in the early days of railway construction to the traffic manager at Bombay: "Tiger dancing on platform, pointsman run away, please arrange." Quite recently, a Madras station-master wrote to his district superintendent that an aloe fence opposite his post was tenanted by a "fearful cobra," of which he besought the removal, as its presence was exceedingly inconvenient at train times.

The Man Who Lit His Pipe.

The proprietor of a public-house noticed that every day a man came into his bar, elbowed his way straight to the counter, took a match, lit his pipe, and walked out. After some weeks of this the proprietor, beginning to tire of providing matches gratis, went up to the intruder, tapped him, and said, "May I ask who you are, sir?" "Oh yes," he said, "I'm the man that comes in every morning, strikes a match, lights his pipe, and goes out again." He still maintains his identity.

Enterprising Advertisers.

The other day a firm of lithographers received a circular announcing the death of the head of a well-known business house. In reply they wrote: "We regret to learn the loss sustained by your firm in the death of Mr. Blank, and beg to express our heartfelt sympathy. We notice your circular is printed by Messrs. Brownjohn. We are confident that, had you asked us, we could have quoted you cheaper and better than any other firm in the market, and in the event of a future bereavement we hope you will afford us an opportunity of making you an offer."

Women Clean the Streets.

The women of Paterson, New Jersey, have executed a scheme worthy to be compared with the famous road-mending at Hincksey. One of the streets in the town had been allowed to get into a state which was considered untidy, even for America. The pavement, it is alleged, was almost wholly hidden by dirt and rubbish. The Street Cleaning Department refused to do anything, so a number of women organised themselves into a volunteer brigade to remedy its neglect. They started one morning at seven, and had made the street decent by half-past nine. By this time the sides of the street were lined with boxes and barrels filled with the dirt that had been gathered up.

Torpedo Mail Boats.

In Norway torpedo boats are now carrying the mail between Christiania and Bergen. The naval authorities have long been anxious to increase the efficiency of the officers and men on board of these boats as much as possible, and they finally decided that this object could best be achieved by letting the boats run regularly between the two greatest cities in the country. For three reasons this plan was preferred to any other—first, because during the trips the boats could be thoroughly tested; second, because the officers could become fully acquainted with that portion of the Norwegian coast; and, third, because the postal service would be benefited. There is no railway connection between Bergen and Christiania, and all postal communications between the two cities are delivered by boat. In doing this work the torpedo boats far excel the ordinary mail steamers.

The Largest Signal Boxes.

The three largest signal boxes in the country are London Bridge (Brighton line) North Cabin, 280 levers; Waterloo A Box, 250 levers; and Liverpool Street West Box, 240 levers. The London Bridge and Waterloo Boxes have each a staff of ten signalmen, who work in shifts, four in the daytime and two at night; while at Liverpool Street, during the busiest hours of the day, there are as many as five men on duty together. Each box has also a staff of train boys, who carry messages, attend to the telephones, and write up the train books. In the course of twelve months the number of lever movements made in these mammoth signal boxes attains several millions; for they deal with from 600 to 1,100 trains per twenty-four hours, not counting light engines, and there is an average of fully a score of lever movements to each train. And the pull of each lever is a heavy one, even to a strong man.

The "Old Woman's" Shoe.

A remarkable suggestion has been made to the directors of the St. Louis World's Fair—the erection of a gigantic shoe with a movable footpath travelling from the grounds in a spiral and landing the public on the top, where there will be room for a summer garden and restaurant with bandstand. A balustrade will prevent children from falling off. The old woman, made of papier maché, is to appear from a great rent in the shoe, and other patches are to provide light to the interior, where a lift will hoist people directly to the observation platform. As the shoe is to built especially for children, the music dispensed by the band is to be suitable to infant minds, while the various rooms in the shoe will be arranged for the amusement and comfort of the small fry. The shoe is to have a staff of nurses, who will take charge of children while their parents and guardians are viewing the attractions of the Fair. It will be a temporary crèche, at which children can be left, duly tagged, and paid for, until their parents return, show the proper tally, and reclaim their offspring.

"The Jack Tar of Japan" in the October PEARSON'S describes the sailors of our new allies.

BLACK FORTUNE

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GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

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FIRST CHAPTER.

ANDREW HERON, the millionaire, lay dying at Patrixcrest, his magnificent home in Patrixhurst.

He summons to his deathbed his nephew, Philip Heron, a young scapegrace, and his secretary, John Marchmont.

Philip Heron has always been led to expect that he would be his uncle's heir, but as the old man lay dying he whispered out that he had left all to Marchmont, whom he knew would make good use of the money, while Philip, who had once forged a cheque in his uncle's name, was disinherited.

At the inn at Patrixhurst a meeting takes place between Anne Cariston and her father, Dr. Cariston. The latter professes to be friendly to Heron, but is really a most unscrupulous man. Heron had asked the doctor to come to Patrixhurst on learning of his uncle's illness. Dr. Cariston has great power over Philip, and Anne fully intends to marry him if she possibly can.

Father and daughter have each been used to go their own way, but at the inn at Patrixhurst they make a compact to help one another to get Philip altogether into their power.

In a small cottage in Patrixhurst lives Katherine Lysle and her old servant Bessie. The Lysles had formerly owned Patrixcrest, but mismanagement and depreciation had so impoverished the family that Katherine's brother Edward, who was fonder of travelling for scientific research than of anything else, had sold the family mansion and estates to Andrew Heron, and then started on an expedition of which nothing more had been heard.

After leaving Patrixcrest Katherine had gone to live in a small gamekeeper's cottage, to which a garden was attached, this little bit of property being her own; and she added to her slender income by growing and selling flowers.

Among the few people living near who still visited her were Lady Bellairs, Katherine's godmother, and her son, Sir James Bellairs, a coarse and very evil-tempered man, who was always persecuting Katherine to marry him, which she had persistently refused to do.

When Marchmont knew that Andrew Heron's fortune was come to him, he declared his love to Katherine, and they became secretly engaged. Bellairs happened to come to the cottage while love passages were being enacted between them, and on Marchmont's departure told Katherine that he would not allow her to receive the attentions of such a man, ending up by saying, "If I am not good enough for you, then, by Heaven, no other man shall be!"

SECOND TO FIFTH CHAPTERS.

PHILIP HERON had promised to meet Dr. Cariston at the inn at Patrixhurst. He was very late in keeping his appointment, and when Dr. Cariston knew that Andrew Heron had disinherited his nephew, he immediately conceived the idea that some steps must be taken to insure getting the fortune from Marchmont, by foul means if necessary.

When Andrew Heron's will is read it is found that everything is left to Marchmont unreservedly, but a sealed letter which was handed to the latter by the lawyer desired that a big sum should pass to Philip Heron if in two years he had retrieved his character. Heron, however, was to know nothing of this.

Marchmont desires to help Philip in any case, and accordingly a meeting to discuss matters is arranged to take place at Philip's rooms in town. When Marchmont arrives, a stranger, who says he is Philip's medical adviser, receives him and says that Heron is not very well, but is anxious anyhow to see Marchmont.

The stranger, on leaving, professes his desire to help either of the men in any way that is in his power, and hands Marchmont a card, whereon is inscribed the name of Dr. Cariston.

At their first meeting Marchmont conceived a great liking for Cariston, which grew the more he knew him and when, some days later, he was going to settle matters with Philip, he asked Cariston to be present at the interview, which eventually took place at Cariston's house, a lonely place out in the suburbs.

Marchmont promises to pay Philip's debts and to allow him £200 a year, besides which he was to be offered a post worth £300 a year.

Cariston asks Marchmont if he would like to see his workroom, and on the latter assenting the doctor says, "I must go and see that everything is neat. Philip, you might come and give me a hand."

Once outside the room, the mask is thrown off, and Cariston reviles Philip for a coward because he will not enter cheerfully into the doctor's plans for getting rid of Marchmont quickly. Cariston hurls Philip on one side in his rage, and then fetches the visitor to his workroom, which is full of various tools and mechanical appliances.

The door is closed, and Heron stands like one demented, trembling in every limb, staring at that closed door, behind which has passed the man whose death would mean thousands to Mark Cariston and himself, the man who was now alone, at the mercy of one who was not only desperate, but invincible in daring and evil.

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A few days after old Heron's funeral Bellairs again visits Katherine, and tells her that he has news of her brother which he had heard from a man who is an invalid. Katherine begs to be taken to this man, and Bellairs promises to do so, feeling that at last he has got her in his power.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bellairs Intercepts a Letter.

KATHERINE LYSLE sat on for a little while longer in the garden after Sir James Bellairs had left her that night.

She was trembling with excitement. Though he had urged her not to put too much faith in this supposition that her brother still lived, it was impossible for Katherine not to catch eagerly at the hope that Edward was indeed not dead.

She yearned in this moment to have John near her. They had talked so often of Edward. Marchmont indeed was the one creature who had seemed to understand her brother's character, who had not condemned the man she had mourned as dead, and this although Katherine knew very surely that if anybody in the world would have found joy in seeing her where she ought to have been, mistress of her old home, that creature had been John Marchmont.

All her fear for, her proud resentment, and her anger against James Bellairs melted away in this moment.

Indeed she was overwhelmingly grateful to him for having brought her such a hope, frail as he insisted that it was.

"I must write and tell John what has come to me," she said to herself, as she rose at last to go back to the cottage. "If this *should* be true, then nothing will be wanting to make our happiness complete!"

Once her mind became overcast with anxious fear. "But suppose that Edward is alive," she said, "how shall I find him?"

Tears started in her eyes; then she brushed them away and clasped her hands tightly together.

"No matter," she said, brave again. "Let him be crippled and maimed, let him even be only a shadow of what he was he will still be my dear, dear brother, and he shall have his home with us, he shall be our care."

Bessie advanced, peering into the gloom to find her, and she scolded as she went.

"Indeed, Miss Kate," she said. "But it is over late for you to be wandering out here. There's a dewlike rain falling to-night, and you have not had your supper yet."

Words of explanation trembled on Katherine Lysle's lips, then she checked them.

"No," she said to herself, "I won't say anything to Bessie for the moment; she has always been hard on poor Edward, and, good soul as she is, she cannot be expected to understand. I will wait and share this with her when I am a little more sure."

Still, she had to make her plans for the morrow.

"It is just possible, Bessie," she said, when they reached the cottage and then stood in the little, old-fashioned hall, "that I may be obliged to go to London to-morrow."

Bessie looked at her suspiciously.

"To London!" she said; "and what should take you there, Miss Kate?"

Katherine hesitated, and felt that she coloured. All prevarication was averse to her nature.

"It will all depend on Lady Bellairs," she answered. "Sir James brought me a message to night, Bessie."

Bessie nodded her head, and her face cleared.

"Oh, well," she said, "and it's high time as her ladyship should give you a little outing. And you can leave everything to me. I'll see as they don't rob you. You know I'm a long way the best hand at selling, Miss Kate."

"You are the best hand at everything!" answered Katherine.

She endeavoured to eat some supper, but that thrill of excitement about her heart took her appetite away from her. When she was alone in her bedroom it was a great consolation to sit down and write what had happened to her lover.

She poured out all her heart in her letter, and when it was sealed and addressed she put it on a table close to her bed.

"Bessie shall take it first thing in the morning," she said.

Her thought was so confused, so excited, that the night rolled on, and it was almost dawn before Katherine slept. Indeed, she was still sleeping when Bessie stole into her room. The good soul did not rouse her young mistress, but, catching sight of that letter, she took it up and went downstairs.

"I'll just run to the village with this," she said, "for I know Miss Kate would like that done before anything else." But before she could tie on her bonnet there came a visitor to the little cottage.

Bessie looked quite flustered as she saw Sir James Bellairs standing on the doorstep.

"Lor', sir!" she said, "but you are out early this morning!"

"I want you to give this letter to your mistress," said Bellairs.

"Will you wait and speak with Miss Kate, sir? She is not awake yet, but she never sleeps very late," asked Bessie.

"No!" said Bellairs abruptly.

He seemed restless, and in one of his bad tempers.

"Just give her that letter, please." Then suddenly he caught sight of the name inscribed on the other letter which Bessie was holding. "What's that?" he asked abruptly.

The servant showed it, and explained that she was just going to the post.

With his heart beating in his throat suffocatingly, Bellairs stretched out his hand.

"Give me the letter," he said. "I pass the post office, and it will save you a journey."

And he turned away and walked up the path before Bessie could speak her thanks.

It was not until he had ridden at full speed through the village that he allowed himself to draw rein and master the contents of that letter.

He had not needed further proof to assure him that Katherine, though she was so cold and proud to himself, could be everything that was tender, and womanly, to this other man. Yet, as he read this letter to her lover, his wild heart seemed to gather more fierceness.

Then he laughed grimly.

"Fate is with me altogether," he said, "for if this had reached Marchmont I should not feel so safe as I do now."

But this was the only pleasure he derived from the circumstances of the moment.

It was veritable torture to him to read those words of tenderest love, to intercept Katherine's most delicate thoughts, to realise that her whole being was knit into her devotion for this man who had supplanted him.

He rode his horse home at such a pace that the animal was in a white sweat when they reached the stables. It was nothing new, however, for the grooms at Upton-ridge to take an animal away from their master in a practically exhausted condition.

Sir James had the unenviable reputation of being a brute both to man and beast. It was indeed with difficulty that people were found to serve him.

Poor Lady Bellairs was in a constant state of turmoil when her son resided at home for any length of time, for the household was constantly changing, but no one succeeded in letting her realise that Sir James was the cause of this, for Lady Bellairs was absolutely blind to her son's glaring faults.

He ruled her with a rod of iron, and she gave him a slavish devotion in return.

Going first to his rooms, Sir James struck a match and set fire to that letter which had given Katherine such happiness to write; this done, he went to his mother's apartment.

Lady Bellairs always breakfasted in her room. She was still a comely woman, but was stout and lethargic—an amiable nonentity.

As her son entered she looked at him with a mixture of affection, admiration, and fear. It was not often that Sir James honoured her with a visit; indeed, she received but scant courtesy from him at all times.

"Are you really going away again, to-day, Jim?" she asked plaintively, after she had greeted him with real warmth.

Sir James nodded his head.

"What have you settled about that farm business at Knarlton, mother?" he asked abruptly.

Lady Bellairs' face clouded. She looked peevish all at once.

"I have not settled anything," she said.

She possessed a certain amount of property of her own which had been admirably managed for her, but was now thrown into her own hands owing to the death of the agent.

Sir James looked at her.

"The Home Farm is still empty, I suppose?" he asked.

Lady Bellairs grew still more peevish, and broke out into complaint.

Yes, the farm was still empty, and she was losing in consequence a great deal of money.

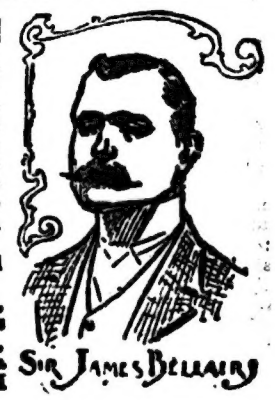
"I shall have to look into the matter for you," said Sir James deliberately; "for the moment you cannot do anything. I suppose you have not asked anybody to go down there, mother?"

He almost smiled as he put the question.

He knew what his mother was. Still, it was necessary that he should be primed with all information.

"I have nobody to send," said Lady Bellairs. "Dear me, it was very tiresome that Martin should die so suddenly. Just when this property was unlet and needed somebody to look after it."

"It was really very inconsiderate of Martin!" said Sir James drily. "However, don't you bother yourself, mother," he said, putting as much geniality as he could in his tone, "as soon as I have arranged certain affairs of my own I will look into this business for you. It won't matter if the farm is unlet for a month or two. You won't starve. By the way, I suppose you have got the keys of the place; you had better give them to me."



Lady Bellairs got up and found what he required.

"Don't stay away too long, Jim," she said; "it is always so dull when you are not here, and then we ought to give a few dinners, you know, and I

Read the first column above—if you are a new reader.

want to have Katherine Leyle to stay here a little while, if I can persuade her to come."

"You had better give Katherine up as a bad job," said the young man with a strained laugh. "She is as obstinate as a mule, and she will never come here, mother."

And having accomplished all he had wanted to do, Sir James did not stop to talk to his mother, neither had he any desire to discuss Katherine. He kissed Lady Bellairs in a perfunctory manner, and then went downstairs. Then he ate a good breakfast, mounted the dogcart, and drove away to the nearest station; he dispensed with his valet. He had written to Katherine saying he would meet her on her arrival, and fixing this for a couple of hours or so after he himself should reach London. In a sense, too, he had paved the way for their movements after they met.

"I find that the man you want to see," he wrote, "has just gone to the country, but it is only a little way out, and we can easily reach him. I think you had better say nothing to Bessie. You don't want a lot of gossip raised in the village, and I have to warn you once again that there *may* be nothing in this after all."

London reached, Sir James took a hansom and drove to one of the big stations; his eyes were glittering with excitement, and his dark face had a pale look as he hurried through the busy throng of people to one of the general waiting rooms.

Here he seemed to pause and look about him, but he had at once caught sight of the person he sought, and obeying a sign, a woman who had been seated in a corner rose and followed him outside. When they were together and conveniently apart, Bellairs produced the keys his mother had given him, together with some money.

"You know exactly what you have to do?" he asked under his breath.

The woman nodded her head. She was young, and handsome in a gipsy fashion, but she had a heavy, sullen look. "Yes, I know what I have to do," she said. Then Sir James looked about him.

"Where is Chesney? He ought to be here?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders,

"My husband's detained by important business," she said with a mingling of a sneer and anger in her voice, "he's generally full of important business, is Ralph, but he'll turn up later if there's money to be got out of this, you may bet all you're worth on that!"

Bellairs scowled, then whispered a number of directions to the woman, and finally, as she hurried away to catch a train, he stood looking after her doubtfully, swearing hardly to himself.

"If it could have been done single-handed," he muttered, "I'd have done it, but I was bound to have some help. Chesney's right enough, it's the woman I don't feel so sure about."

He turned and went back to his cab, to drive and meet Katherine on her arrival. It was strangely characteristic of this man that he should have wasted so much time in pursuing this one woman. But opposition with Sir James Bellairs was almost a fatal thing, and just because there were other women in the world who would have been glad to overlook his peculiarities because of his desirable position, so Katherine's objection to him, even as a friend, had built up feelings that mastered him altogether. The desire to conquer her had been strong enough in these months past, but it was the knowledge that she had given her love to John Marchmont that drove him into the paths of treachery to get even with her.

"She may love him with her heart and her soul," he said to himself now, "but she shall not belong to him! Let her go back after this day's work and see whether her love will be worth his keeping. I have too big a score to settle with you, Kate, my girl, to let you go out of my grip now that I've got you there! Why, when you were a child, you never had a decent word to fling at me, and you made me in a rage every time I saw you! If I cannot force you to love me," said Sir James Bellairs between his teeth, "I can force you to realise that I am your master, and by Heaven! I'll not finish with you until I have dragged you in the dust at my feet!"

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Even *You* Cannot Get Blood from a Stone."

All at once, as Philip Heron crouched in the darkness of that deserted passage, chilled to the heart and quaking with fear, there came a sound that startled him so much, he almost screamed aloud.

It was the clanging of a bell just a yard or so away from him. This was swiftly followed by the sound of knocking at the outer door. Prepared as he was for something awful, Philip could not for a moment grasp that these sounds were but the ordinary indication that someone desired admittance, and as he hesitated, leaning against the wall, trembling from head to foot, the door of that room that he had watched in such spell-bound fashion was opened, and Cariston emerged.

"What is that?" he cried harshly.

As if in answer to his voice the bell clanged another loud peal.

The two men looked into each other's eyes. Philip's craven heart was growing a little stronger. It was Cariston who seemed to shrink and falter a little, then he gave a laugh.

"Someone is impatient to come in," he said, and throwing back his head with a strange gesture, he walked down the passage to the front door, and flung it open. A woman's figure was standing on the step. It was Anne.

She passed into the house, and smiled as she heard the ugly words that whispered from her father's lips.

Since she had caught that chance vision of John Marchmont that afternoon, Anne had awakened from the lethargy into which her spirit had fallen after that tremendous blow to her ambition and her hope. She at once realised that her father had dismissed her for some strong reason, and she determined not so be dismissed.

"I have had such a difficulty in finding you," she said perfectly calmly.

Cariston conquered his rage with an effort.

"You cannot stay here," he said. "This is no place for you."

"I am not particular," said Anne lightly. "What is good enough for you is good enough for me. And you know we have shared together life in worse places than this, my dear father."

Philip had withdrawn into the shadows and was listening.

In a vague sort of way he welcomed this coming of Anne, although her treatment of him since his misfortune had been anything but kind or sympathetic.

Dr. Cariston paused only an instant, and then became his usual bland self.

"Well, if you will stay," he said, "stay! You will find the accommodation very unsatisfactory, I am afraid. I presume you did not find your aunt at home, Anne."

"I did not go to find her," said Anne casually. "This *is* a funny place, father! But why don't you light the gas?"

She was moving confidently down the passage in the dusk as she spoke. Then she said—"Oh, I see there is a light there," and she walked deliberately towards the room from which Cariston had just emerged.

Her father strode after her, and gripped her by the wrist.

"That is my private room," he said.

Philip heard his voice and shivered.

He almost caught his breath as he heard Anne laugh. Though he could not see he was sure that she was looking contemptuously at her father.

"We have no secrets, you and I," she answered.

He stole after them as she walked on, and stood in the broad light that streamed from that room.

Then he saw that her face changed, and that she retreated a step, and his own eyes closed, and his brain buzzed, and then he caught his breath as he heard Anne say—

"Mr. Marchmont is here, too, and asleep!"

Cariston followed his daughter into the room, and they looked into one another's eyes.

It was the woman who spoke first.

"My dear father," she said, "you are very inhospitable. It is true I don't know anything about this new habitation of yours, but surely you have some room better fitted for such a guest as Mr. Marchmont than this?"

Though she spoke with such seeming calmness, Anne's face had grown as white as death, and her heart had a thrill of fear in it.

John Marchmont was lying back in a low chair. His arms were hanging helplessly by his side. His head thrown back showed a face that was still as if in death.

"Rouse him," she said to Cariston, and strong as she was, armed as it were against much that was dark and mysterious, Anne recoiled as she met her father's glance.

The next instant, however, Cariston was master of the situation.

"Mr. Marchmont had just fainted, and I was attempting to revive him when you announced your arrival. I wonder that the noise you made did not help me in my efforts."

"Let me do something," said Anne.

Another woman might have faltered merely at the fact of finding herself in so strange a place. But Anne had been reared in a hard school.

She knew perfectly well that the man lying so helpless and inert before them had succumbed to no ordinary fainting fit. This lonely place, this room, significant of horror, alone told her that John Marchmont had been brought here for no good purpose, and callous as she was, Anne Cariston had not yet arrived at that point that would suffer her to be even an unconscious accessory to such evil work. Quite apart from which, the man himself had within the last few hours assumed a definite place in her thoughts. She had need of him for herself.

She watched her father put a phial containing some fluid under the nose of the unconscious man.

"It is strange that a young man should faint so easily," she said under her breath; "happily I kept the cab which brought me here, probably the drive home in the night air will do Mr. Marchmont good."

Mark Cariston bit his lip.

"As usual, Anne," he said in his bland way, "you have your wits about you. You had better call Philip Heron, he is in the other room, and tell him to see that the cab does not go away."

"Oh, the cab will stay—I told the man to wait," answered Anne.

It was she who unloosened the collar and tie, and she who poured water from a pitcher close at hand on her handkerchief and freshened John Marchmont's brow and lips.

His first sensation as he floated back to consciousness was of this womanly presence about him.

As he opened his eyes and struggled into a sitting position, he looked at Cariston and then at Anne in a dazed way; he seemed quite feeble. Dr. Cariston was full of concern.

"Can you stand? Give me your arm. Come, that is right. I warned you, you know, Mr. Marchmont, that something like this might happen; you have been taxing your brain and your strength far too much these last few days."

Anne drew back a step or two, and Marchmont stood leaning against the chair.

Little by little his senses were coming back to him, and he realised where he was.

"I am awfully sorry," he said as soon as he could speak. "I—I don't think I ever fainted before in all my life, but I daresay you are right, Dr. Cariston. . . . I have rather too much on my mind just now."

"And this room is so close," said Anne, in her low, musical voice.

Marchmont started and then looked at her.

She was dressed exactly as she had been when they had passed on the stairs earlier in the day; for a second time John thought he had never seen a lovelier face.

The colour came into his cheeks as he realised that his hair was disordered, and his collar unfastened.

Cariston was watching him narrowly.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Marchmont," he said, "she happened to come to my rescue at the right moment. She arrived in a cab which is waiting still, so if you would like to go back to your hotel you can use it. But I wish you would let me persuade you to remain here to-night."

"Oh, thanks, very much," said John Marchmont gradually, feeling more like himself, "but I think I had better get back to the hotel. I have already disturbed you quite enough, and it must be getting rather late. I think I will say 'good-night.'"

There was something very winning in the way he turned to Dr. Cariston, something that made Anne's heart thrill with a strange sensation in which shame mingled.

"Although I have been such a nuisance to you," said Marchmont, "I hope you won't bear me any grudge, Dr. Cariston. Remember, I rely upon you to help me in this business we discussed to-night. Would it be convenient for you to come to me early to-morrow morning?"

He turned to Anne.

"Your father has been and is so exceedingly kind to me, Miss Cariston," he said. "I hardly know how to thank him."

Anne looked at him, and then dropped her eyes, and that thrill of pain and shame swept over her once more. She could not look at Cariston.

Never till now had she fully understood what a mask her father's benevolent expression could be.

John stretched out his hand to her to say good-night.

"I was just becoming immensely interested in what Dr. Cariston was showing me when I was stupid enough to faint. It seemed to me that there was a peculiar odour in that box Dr. Cariston, which you had just put in front of me, but I daresay it was my imagination."

The doctor smiled.

"Pure imagination. I noticed that you had turned very white, and I was not in the least surprised when you fell forward into my arms. Now I must give you a light to the door."

Anne let her hand cling to Mr. Marchmont.

"I hope you will feel better to-morrow," she said. "I—I am afraid that this is such a bad experience, Mr. Marchmont, that you will not feel disposed to come and see us again."

John gave her a smile.

"On the contrary," he said, "I shall come often if I may. At least, while I am in town. And I must stay a little longer. There is so very much to arrange, but I shall get back to the country as soon as I can."

"You will live at Patrixcrest?" asked Anne in that soft, pretty voice.

He shook his head.

"No. I think not. There are reasons against this. At any rate, I shall not live there just yet."

Anne sighed. They were moving slowly out of the room.

"Still the world is before you," she said, "and it should not be difficult for you to find a country and a home that would bring you happiness."

John Marchmont's face lit up.

"I have already found my happiness!" he said, and he was scarcely conscious that the words were spoken aloud.

Anne drew back suddenly chilled.

She watched her father lead him down the path, and heard Dr. Cariston's voice speeding him farewell in cheery fashion. The horror that had possessed her for a brief while gave place to a kind of sullen jealousy.

He had found his happiness! That could mean but one thing. There was another woman already in his life.

Anne was breathing hardly when her father closed the door, and came back towards her.

"So you have found out this little den of mine," he said with a jocular air. "I begin to think that you are right, Anne. There are no secrets between us. Though, of course, you must have suspected from time to time that when I had to disappear there was bound to be some convenient place in which I could hide myself."

"It is a miserable hole," said Anne, "but I presume that you have some corner into which I can put myself for the night."

"The accommodation is of the poorest," said Dr. Cariston, "and you will have to wait upon yourself."

Anne smiled.

"Oh, but that won't be for long, will it?" she said. "May I take this candle? Thanks!"

She walked up the stairs, passing the room in which Philip lurked like the coward he was. And when she reached the landing and went from room to room Anne felt that her father had told one truth when he spoke of having possessed this place for some little time; for here and there she saw small things which had belonged to them in other times. Moreover she realised that what Cariston had said about the necessity of having some hiding-place was an actual statement of the truth. When she had installed herself in the most comfortable of the rooms that she could find, Anne sat down with a shiver.

She had long since grown to hate her father, as we know, and at odd times he had inspired her with dread, but it had been reserved for this night to show her what manner of man he really was.

The blood ran cold in her veins as she recalled that vision of John Marchmont lying like one dead in that curious apartment.

It must have been something more than mere instinct that had prompted her to follow her father this night.

"There was murder in his face," she said to herself with a shudder, "and yet," came the next swift thought, "he

Everyone who loves good fiction is reading "Black Fortune."

is no fool. He could not mean to have gone so far. Why should he do an injury to this man? I must understand the situation. There is evidently some business on hand of which I was to be kept in ignorance. Well, my dear father, you see you cannot shake me off so easily. You intended to share my fortune, whatever it was, and I will share yours!"

And downstairs Cariston was pacing to and fro, not hurriedly, but in a quiet, preoccupied way.

When he entered the room where Philip Heron was, Philip had trembled; he hardly knew what he had expected, but Cariston spoke to him quite calmly.

"It is too late for you to get back to town to-night," he said. "You had better make yourself as comfortable as you can here." Then he sank his voice a little. "Did you give Anne this address?" he said.

Philip shook his head.

"I have not spoken to Anne for days," he answered sullenly.

"She must have watched then—watched and followed!" said Cariston, and he laughed a curious laugh. "She is a clever minx! She got my last fiver out of me this evening."

Then Cariston stood and looked at the other man.

"You made a fine exhibition of yourself to-night," he said, still in that same calm way. "You must have something to strengthen your nerves, Heron."

"And after all," he added, "it was foolish of you to be so apprehensive."

At these words Heron turned.

"Look here, Cariston, I can't stand this," he said thickly, but with real earnestness in his voice. "I—I made a mistake! What's the use of fighting? The luck's against me, and the best thing I can do is to swallow that fact! . . . . Let John Marchmont go to the bottom of the sea, if he will, and take his millions with him! . . . At any rate," Philip added recklessly, "I'll have no more to do with him!"

Dr. Cariston looked at him with a smile, and paused before speaking.

"That mood would be all very well," he said then, "if you were differently placed. But you see, my dear Heron, unfortunately you cannot afford to let John Marchmont go to the bottom of the sea, as you put it, and take this money with him."

"I can always cut this country," said Philip in the same dogged, reckless way. "I can always turn my back on the whole thing! What if I do owe thousands? They can't get the money out of me if I haven't got it—can they?"

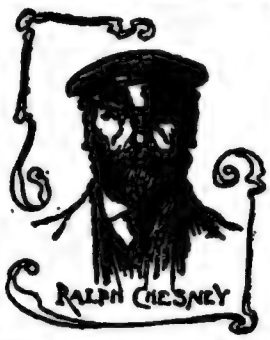
"Decidedly not, if you were dealing with ordinary creditors; but you are not dealing with ordinary creditors," said Cariston, and his voice now was ominously keen. "You are dealing with me, my dear Heron."

Philip gave him a look, and then turned away his eyes.

"Well, even you," he said sullenly, "cannot get blood from a stone."

Cariston drew nearer to him; his nostrils were dilated.

"No," he said, "but I can draw blood from a human being. I can torture a creature like you if you should dare to go against me! You are in my power, Heron! You have given yourself to me, body and soul, and I mean to keep you! There's more at stake than your petty troubles. I am fighting for myself, man, and you are only one of the weapons that I use to win my battle."



Philip Heron retreated and sank into a chair, looking like one fascinated at Cariston's terrible expression. Suddenly the doctor's face and manner changed.

He struck the other man on the shoulder in a friendly way.

"Come," he said, "I used to think that you were a man of spirit. But you turn tail at the least thing. Take to-night, for instance, what did you think I was going to do? Just pause and ask yourself this question. Why, we have nothing settled, man! You heard the arrangements that Marchmont has been good enough to make! It must be a *little* bit better than that before we accept the situation.

Then Cariston laughed, that clear, hard laugh of his. "I was but trying my hand," he said; "you know one side of me, Heron; but there is another, the side that is devoted to my science, and nothing delights me more than making experiments. But you look worn out!" Cariston said. "Here, stretch yourself on this couch, and drink this," he added, pouring out a stiff glass of whisky and water, "it will help you to sleep. If you hear anyone moving about," Cariston said, as he moved away, "you will know that I am locking up the place, and perhaps taking a little stroll."

Indeed, long after Philip had dropped into a heavy sleep, this other strange man was wandering restlessly about the house. Once he crept into the room, and looked at Philip as he slept. He had an expression upon his face as of one who could willingly have kicked the prostrate man.

"Yet I cannot do without this cur," he said to himself, "what infernal luck! If this other fellow were only cut out in the ordinary pattern I could shake this worm from my feet pretty quickly, but the sort of crank that Marchmont is, is the worst of all to work upon. Who but a madman would have such ideas? To cast aside millions, and take a pittance, working for his bread as though he were forced to do so! If only these two men could change places! It would be a good day's work to rid the earth of such a creature as this, for the other, for all his madness, is a real flesh and blood man!

"Time presses," he continued to himself. "Even to-night I thought things might be different. I thought there would be some chance of staving off the end that seems so near. But he came with wild fancies instead of money. With high-sounding phrases and not even a promise of gold! He brings all that comes on himself! God! if he knew! To-morrow," said Cariston, as he took down a large book and began to turn over the pages deliberately, "to-morrow must see something achieved. This will that he spoke of must be made immediately. Even half of what he possesses would be enough to put me in safety."

* * * * *

John Marchmont slept but little that night.

When he reached his hotel and put himself to bed, he had recurrence of that unpleasant nausea and faintness, and it was some time before the feeling passed. And then the events of the evening before haunted him.

Try as he would, he could not feel the smallest real sympathy for Philip Heron.

"If it had not been for the other man," said John to himself, "he would have rejected my proposal. Should I be breaking my confidence with Andrew Heron, I wonder, if I were to tell Dr. Cariston of those last written wishes to me? This would make the position clearer to him."

Marchmont left his bed and sat in a chair by the open window.

The stillness of the London streets calmed him, and yet oppressed him.

The knowledge that he was hemmed about by thousands and thousands of human beings, all of whom clamoured to obtain just a little of what he possessed, lay on his heart like a weight of iron, and the certainty that Philip Heron resented bitterly the just arrangement he had made troubled him greatly.

"And yet if we share alike," John said to himself now, "surely that ought to take away a good deal of his bitterness."

Though he could not sleep, his mind became hazy and dreamy as the night passed into dawn.

That old house with that strange room, his sudden illness, Cariston's benevolent face, and Anne's lovely one, came back to him in fitful fashion.

When morning came and brought with it the usual letter from Katherine, the young man felt braced up again. Save that he looked a little pale, he was none the worse for his sleepless night.

Together with Katherine's long letter, the post brought him as usual a budget of others. He had dressed and breakfasted, and was going steadily through his correspondence with his secretary, when a message was brought to him that his "brother" wished to see him.

A hot flush of anger quickly swept John Marchmont's face.

He had no brother of his own, but the woman whom his father had married had possessed a son with whom he had never been on good terms.

John Marchmont had been a child merging into boyhood when his father (that delicate, cultured man, whose love had been so precious to him!) had allowed himself to be married to the woman in whose house he and his boy had lodged for some time.

Hugh Marchmont's motive in contracting a marriage, which had been in every way a mistake, had been revealed to his boy later on.

John knew then that his father had understood that his days were numbered, and he had imagined that in linking himself with this woman, so much his inferior, he would at least have provided a home and protection for his child.

He lingered long enough to know how wrong he had been in cherishing such a hope. His second wife had no love for John, she was jealous of him. Jealous of his looks, of his refined nature, and of the love that his father lavished upon him—jealous because Hugh Marchmont had insisted upon spending the major portion of his small income in completing John's education, and jealous above all this, because her own child was so palpably John's inferior. Nevertheless yet when his father had died, and life had gone hardly with the widow, it had been John who had turned round and provided for her, passing over to her in its entirety the income that his father had left him, and adding to it all he was able to give from his modest salary. And yet, instead of beating down the old animosity by all that he might do, he only recharged it with further bitterness.

All this Andrew Heron had realised (when he had gone to work very quietly, to make himself acquainted with John's real nature and condition before reposing such confidence in the young man), and John little knew that his dead master and benefactor had understood what a source of misery his step-mother was to him.

In this brief while since he had been reputedly so rich, not even the case of Philip Heron had given him so much vexation as his step-mother had done. She had absolutely refused to be denied what she considered her proper share in this great fortune. And she had comported herself in such a way, that to spare himself a repetition of scenes at the hotel, John had been compelled to temporise, and to let her imagine that things were not definitely settled. For a long time past no mention had been made between them of her son (who, from having been a child of the streets, had drifted into a wild, unruly boy, a terror to the neighbourhood and a source of perpetual care and anxiety), though John had guessed pretty shrewdly that though Ralph Chesney was supposed to be constantly at sea, he must have shared freely in the money which was given to his mother.

With a half stifled sigh Marchmont roused himself at last from his thoughts, and went to meet his unexpected and most unwelcome visitor.

Yet his first impression of the man who stood waiting for him (they had not met since they had been boys, and their parting had been unpleasant enough, for John and he had had a stand up fight in which Chesney had not been the conqueror!) was almost agreeable.

Ralph Chesney looked a fine, strapping fellow, wore a beard, and had a bronzed and hearty look. There was very little about him at the first glance to recall the ungainly, scowling youth whom John had cause to remember so well.

He stretched out his hands to John, and Marchmont responded to his greeting warmly. But almost immediately his first pleasant impression wore off, for as he looked at the other man he saw quickly that the tanned skin and handsome beard could not hide the old sly expression or the shifty, avaricious look in the eyes.

"Took you by surprise, eh?" said Chesney, in a rough, hearty sort of way. "Only landed at the docks last night, and when I toddled home and heard the wonderful news, why I said to myself: 'Dash it all, I must go and see Jack before another hour has gone!' I know sure enough," Chesney said with a nod of his head, "that now you are such a rich pot you have all the world about you, but I said to myself 'there's none of 'em will be more welcome than me!' Why hang it all, Jack, if we are not brothers really, we ought to be!"

John Marchmont smiled in spite of himself.

"I am afraid that feeling was not very strongly developed in us a little while ago, Ralph," he said drily. But Ralph Chesney had no recollection of the past. In which he was wise, for the memories of old days were none of them pleasant.

"Oh, every boy is bound to try and punch the head of another boy," he said. "Have you breakfasted, Jack?"

"A long time ago," answered Marchmont, "and I am afraid I cannot give you much time now, Ralph. I have a tremendous amount of work to get through."

Chesney laughed boisterously.

"Work!" he said, "you work! Why, if all I hear is true you can roll on gold for the rest of your days. I haven't told you yet, Jack, how pleased I am at your good luck. There are not many chaps as do deserve a splendid fortune, but you are one of 'em, by gad—you are!"

Marchmont coloured, and bit his lip. This blatant affection would have been amusing if he did not know that behind it there might be some serious annoyance.

"I have yet to learn," he answered, when he spoke, "whether great fortune means great happiness. At any rate, this fortune does not exactly belong to me. It is merely put in my hands as a great trust, and will make but very little difference in my life."

"Well, I suppose you can give a fellow something to drink?" said Chesney, with just a suspicion of a sneer in his voice.

"What will you have?" Marchmont asked.

"Why, a bottle of fizz, to be sure!" answered the other. "By Jove, how I wish I stood in your shoes, Jack! I'd know how to make the money spin, I can tell you! And I shan't keep you long, Jack, for I have work to do. Ah! life's a weary, uphill job for some of us!"

Marchmont gave the order for champagne to be brought, and stood by in a grave, half-troubled way as the other man poured out the sparkling liquor generously, consuming almost the whole bottle right away. The wine brought out all the old element in Chesney.

"Well, and what are you going to do for the mater and for me?" he asked; "it's all very well to talk about having a fortune on trust, but one's own people ought to come in first, you know."

John Marchmont frowned, and moved to and fro a little.

"I have explained my position entirely to your mother," he said. "Strange as it may seem to you and to her, I am not privileged to increase by one penny the allowance that I have made her those last few years."

Chesney swore loudly at this.

"But that's all nonsense, you know, Jack," he said roughly; "my mother is your father's widow. She took him in and housed him when times were bad with him; and she fed and clothed you for years. That's all got to be remembered, you know."

John Marchmont's face was hot. He hardly knew how he curbed his anger, but he did curb it.

"Don't let us go back into the past, Ralph," he said. "You know perfectly well that what you have just stated is untrue. My father, God rest his soul! was an honourable man, and a gentleman. He was indebted to no one, and least of all to your mother."

Ralph Chesney looked at him in a sly sort of way.

He saw that John's face had grown white and tense in expression, and he felt that he had made a mistake.

"Oh, well," he said, "I put it a bit poetically perhaps, but the truth remains the same, and that is that my mother is your father's widow, and that we two are brothers."

"No!" said John, with sudden passion; "we are not even friends! You have taken me by surprise coming in this way, and if you had approached me say, three or four years ago, in the same affectionate manner, I might not have doubted you as I do now. But you come too late, Ralph, and there is no place in my life for you."

Flushed with wine, Chesney put on a truculent air.

"If you think to get rid of me so easily," he said, "you are vastly mistaken. It may suit your purpose to turn your back on us now that you've gone up in the world, but" he swore an oath—"if you try to shake us off, I'll know how to make it hot for you!"

At that very moment a waiter knocked at the door, and Dr. Cariston was announced.

The older man stood a moment in the doorway, and looked at the two angry men before him.

He murmured an apology, and would have withdrawn, but John Marchmont called him in.

"I was expecting you," he said; "and your time is valuable. This gentleman is just going."

Cariston murmured something. He was never at a loss how to comport himself in an awkward moment, moreover, he was intensely interested; and with that curious freemasonry that exists between some natures, he instantly grasped that this burly, seafaring-looking man belonged to the same school as himself.

"This could be a useful man!" he said to himself.

Ralph Chesney took up his cap and lurched towards the door.

"If I go now I go because it suits me to go, and not because you drive me away! You'll hear from me again," he said, and he went out and banged the door after him.

John Marchmont's eyes flashed.

"The last time I saw that fellow, Dr. Cariston," he said, "I gave him about the best

Don't postpone starting to read "Black Fortune." Begin *now*.

thrashing any boy could give another, and, by Jove! I feel like giving it to him again!"

Cariston looked at the speaker with unwilling admiration. With his hands clenched and his face aflame with colour, Marchmont's whole being was eloquent of strength and young manhood, but he quickly set aside other matters and got to business. Producing his pocket-book, he took from it a printed will form.

"I think it would be advisable, Mr. Marchmont," he said, "if we go through this little arrangement first, unless of course, you wish to let it pass through your lawyers."

"No," said John, "I would rather keep this business just between Philip Heron and myself, and I think, Dr. Cariston, as you are such an old friend of Heron's, that it would be as well if you will take charge of this document."

Cariston's face flushed a little.

A long time ago he had been a gentleman in morals as well as in bearing, and John's straightforward dealing, his absolute confidence, jarred on what remained of that old honesty. But it was only a transitory feeling. A moment later Cariston was busy filling in the words dictated to him by John Marchmont.

"This must be witnessed," he said, and he shook his head as Marchmont suggested that he should sign his own name.

"No; better not."

"I can call in my secretary, Herbert Thorne," said John, "and there is a housekeeper on this floor who would perhaps do for a second signature."

"It does not matter who does it," said Cariston, "as long as we have two witnesses. Now, Mr. Marchmont, I am going to read this through to you." He took up the paper and read what was written. It was an exact reproduction of the arrangement declared by John the night before to Philip Heron. The only money reserved from that devoted to charity, was the amount of capital sufficient to provide the income of five hundred a year which was to pass to John's heir.

The two witnesses were summoned, and the act of attesting the will was quickly done. Cariston felt his heart beating wildly in his breast as John folded the paper, slipped it into an envelope and gave it to him.

"If all men were like you, Mr. Marchmont," he said, "the world would be a little better."

He looked, indeed, with wonder at the young man before him.

"And you are really going to work, as Philip Heron is to work? You really will be content with this little sum of money?" he said almost involuntarily.

"Quite content," said John heartily. "But perhaps I ought to explain more fully, Dr. Cariston," he said, and he coloured shyly; "the fact is, money signifies very little to me. The greatest gift that life could bestow upon me is mine already, and no money could buy that!"

Cariston frowned almost imperceptibly.

"I suppose you mean a woman?" he said, when he spoke.

John nodded his head, laughing and colouring.

"Yes, a woman—hardly a woman, for she is so young; and yet every inch of her a woman because she has suffered deeply already and knows how to endure."

Cariston breathed a little heavily.

"And I suppose you intend to marry soon?"

"Just as soon as ever I can," said John. "I must of course see things put in their right groove. In particular I felt it my duty to settle matters for Philip Heron before taking so important a step. A wife"—he spoke the words so tenderly—"a wife makes such a difference."

"Yes, you are right, indeed!" said Dr. Cariston. Then he paused; "and, by the way," he said, in laboured fashion, "you have not stated in this will the name of the person to whom you wish this small income to pass."

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed John. "Of course I have not. How can we alter that?"

"You can add a codicil," said Cariston, and he sat down again and took out the envelope. "You must have it witnessed also, of course," he said. "Naturally, you will leave this money to your wife that-is-to-be."

"Yes," said John, with that same tender inflection in his voice.

"Shall I write it, or will you?" asked Cariston.

"Oh, you can write it. You know how to word these things better than I do."

"And the name of this young lady?"

"Katherine Lyale," said John softly. "She is the last remaining member of the old family of Lyales of Patrixcrest. Her brother, Edward Lyale, lost his life a year or so ago in——"

But John's words ceased abruptly, for Mark Cariston had suddenly thrown down the pen, and with one hand clenched on the back of the chair, had risen, and his face grown ashen white, was gasping as if some overwhelming horror, or some great physical pain had unexpectedly assailed him!

[Another long instalment will appear in next Friday's *P.W.* The opening chapters appeared last week (dated September 25), and back numbers may be obtained through any newsagent.]

The dramatic situation shown on our coloured poster this week (in which a girl is shut up in a room with a blind man who wishes to take her life) is described in a coming instalment of "Black Fortune."

When Science has Rescued Trade from Ruin.

THE fig is one of the most uncertain bearers of any fruit tree. Frequently a whole orchard of figs in fine, healthy condition will blossom freely and yet fail to produce a bushel of figs. Such a failure is due to the lack of suitable insects to convey the pollen from one blossom to another. Five years ago the United States Government spent £3,200 in finding out what was the insect best adapted for this purpose, and eventually discovered that it was the microscopic creature known as the fig wasp.

Never was money better invested. A number of the insects were sent to California, and in the second year after their importation the value of the fig crop of that State had risen £18,000, and last year was £40,000 above the 1896 crop.

Cash results may be seen in every direction from the practical application of science in each and every one of its many branches. Of this, perhaps, the most startling instance is to be seen in the career of that wonderful Frenchman, Pasteur. We remember his name chiefly as the man who first

found a cure for hydrophobia.

We are apt to forget that his researches enabled him to discover a remedy for the silkworm disease which had at one time almost destroyed the silk industry in France. By so doing, Pasteur saved his country during his lifetime the sum of £200,000,000, an amount equal to the enormous war indemnity extracted by her conquerors from France after the Franco-German War.

The announcement was recently made that fresh cod fisheries had been discovered to the east of the Newfoundland Banks. The presence of cod there was never suspected by the fishermen, because of the greater depth of water. An American savant is responsible for the discovery. He found that cod prefer water of a certain temperature in which to spawn.

By the use of sounding lead and self-registering thermometer he discovered that the bottom temperature in this particular spot corresponded precisely with that on the Banks. He prophesied the presence of cod, and upon a baited line being let down a fine specimen was immediately caught. This discovery will probably increase the takings of the fisheries by several thousand pounds yearly, and will, no doubt, lead to

other similar finds.

Nor is this the only point at which science is financially aiding fishermen. Just as scientific horticulture has produced the magnificent Magnum Bonum plum from the acrid wild sloe, so pisciculturists are engaged in producing new and most valuable fish by crossing different varieties individually less valuable.

The cod and the haddock have been mated and the cross is a better food fish than either. Shad and herrings have been crossed, and so have shad and bass. Another important experiment has been the interbreeding of mackerel with king fish. The result of this will probably be a fish equal as food to the mackerel, but at least half as large again.

The science of botany has been, and is yearly, worth millions to others besides horticulturists. Engineers have benefited by it very largely. To take a single example. General Annenkoff was commissioned by the Russian Government to carry the new South Siberian line across 900 miles of dreary desert. The worst portion of it was a sixty miles' waste of shifting sand called the Kara Kum, and here every device failed to protect

the slowly advancing line.

Time after time it was buried deep by streaming drifts of yellow sand. The academy at St. Petersburg was consulted, and it was suggested that some plant might be found which would bind the unstable soil. A botanist sent out to survey the spot declared in favour of a kind of scrubby plant, know as "saxaul." Huge quantities were accordingly planted, and in two years' time had formed a belt of firm ground all along the route, and the line was completed without further trouble.

The marine engineer is equally in the debt of the botanist. Boilers of steam vessels are constantly becoming incrusted with deposits from sea water, and their cleaning is a long and costly job. Various substances have been tried to prevent deposits settling in the tubes, but far the best appears to be a substance named algin, discovered a few years ago in seaweed by a well-known botanist.

Algin will not only save countless hours of time now devoted to cleaning, but will make a boiler last one-third as long again. The consequent saving will run to thousands of pounds yearly. Seaweed is also burnt to charcoal to form carbon cement, which is the best solid non-conductor of heat known, and therefore extremely valuable for covering boilers of all descriptions.

Ratepayers should be grateful to modern science which in many municipalities saves their pockets thousands a year. Take Shoreditch for an example. A few years ago its authorities paid 3s. 2½d. a ton for burning its refuse away. A recently invented dust destructor, constructed on scientific principles, now burns the refuse at a cost of only 1s. 2½d per ton. This has effected an annual saving of £2,200.

Lord Kelvin has found by a series of exhaustive experiments that the fuel value of refuse is equal to about one-tenth that of good coal. As the total amount of refuse annually collected in this country amounts to about 80,000,000 tons, this discovery could be applied to save 8,000,000 tons of coal each year, an economy valued at £6,000,000. Such an amount is equal to rather more than half the money spent in relieving our 780,000 British paupers.

Another illustration of the value science gives to waste products is to be seen at Antwerp. That city a few years ago paid £1,000 a year to a contractor to cart away its refuse. To-day, £40,000 roll annually into its municipal coffers in payment for that

once despised rubbish.

The town of Mulhausen is famous for its yarn mills. The bill for lighting the factories formerly came to between four and five thousand pounds a year. Then science stepped in. The soapsuds were precipitated with lime, and the result collected, pressed into bricks, dried, and heated in retorts. A gas was obtained of three times the illuminating power of coal gas, and enough of it to light the whole town as well as the works.

The science of weather forecasting is yet in its infancy. Nevertheless, it is estimated to save the farmers of civilised countries from twelve to twenty millions a year. Take a single example. In February, 1898, a blizzard was ascertained to be advancing with fearful speed out of the Rocky Mountains in a south-westerly direction.

Warnings were sent by wire to 650 stations in twelve ranching States, also to all railway stations, and to about 30,000 individuals. All sheep and most of the cattle were immediately brought under shelter. In one small county alone 200,000 beasts were brought in. During the next three days there was such a gale and snowstorm that hardly any creature unprotected was left alive. The value of that one warning could only be

counted in millions.

It has long been a grievance with cheese makers that cheese takes so long to ripen. Expensive buildings have to be kept up by all cheese factories for storing their product during the eight or ten weeks before they ship it. Here again science has come to the rescue.

A new substance, called galactase, has been discovered by two chemists at the University of Wisconsin, which can be mixed into cheese during making, and will ripen it in a few days, thus enabling it to be put into cold storage almost as soon as made.

A very striking instance of the value of science, properly applied, comes from a mining district near Dresden. The hardened end of a steel bit broke off at a depth of 990ft. in a bore hole, and put an end to any possibility of sinking the boring deeper.

It looked as if the whole enterprise on which £3,000 had already been spent must be abandoned. An electrician happened to be on the spot. Under his advice a soft steel bar, five feet long, and 2½ inches in diameter, was let down by a covered wire, and when it reached the bottom the current of a small dynamo was switched into it, turning it into a powerful magnet. The broken portion was pulled up without the slightest difficulty, and the situation saved.

NELLIE: "Do you think Paul cares for Gertie?"

EMMA: "Did you ever hear a young man refer to a red-haired girl as having auburn tresses unless he loved her?"

"Do you buy your music by the sheet?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday, and then get it by the choir."

MRS. ANN: "I ordered a new dress pattern here yesterday, to be sent. I wonder if it has been cut yet?"

Shopwalker: "Certainly not, madam. The assistant said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind."

TEACHER: "Evil communications corrupt good manners. Now, Johnny, can you understand what that means?"

Johnny: "Yes'm. For instance, pa got a communication from ma's dressmaker this morning, and it made him use bad language."

AMELIA: "Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon."

Augustus: "Then what shall I swear by?"

"Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something which is dearer to you than all things else; something which you cannot live without."

"Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by my salary!"

Don't procrastinate. It's bad. Start "Black Fortune" *now*.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Tries to Float the "Universal Peerless Tooth Powder."

THE Editor was toying with an official-looking document sewn together with cotton.

"Morning, Doubleyou," he said. "Here is the specification of a new tooth powder invented by a young relative of mine. He says it will stagger humanity, if turned into a company. I just want you to run into the City and put it on to the market. A capital of £20,000 will be sufficient for the present. Mind you get good names on the board, and if you pull the thing through you shall have some shares. Here is the name of a firm you may go to for assistance, Messrs. Banwell and Smith, who I'm told will float anything from a toothpick to the planet Mars. You can charge me with any odd expenses. That's all."

From his tone I judged that the matter was a thing that could be pulled through in half an hour, so jauntily jogged into the City, made hideous by memories of my fatal experiences with that £10,000.

Entering the offices of Messrs. Banwell and Smith I asked to see the principal. I was shown into a small office, where a sleek gentleman of

about thirty awaited me.

"Well, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I want to float a Tooth Powder Company," I said. "Splendid thing, stagger——"

"Quite so," he said. "How much capital do you want?"

"Oh, £20,000," I replied unconcernedly.

I was surprised at the business-like methods of this gentleman. He did not appear surprised or even to want to know anything about the tooth powder.

"How will you proportion the shares?" he asked. "Ordinary or preference?"

I thought for awhile. The Editor had not mentioned this point. However, I did not wish to appear ignorant, so replied off-handedly:

"Oh, I think ordinary, don't you know. I hate unnecessary display."

"Right. And how much will you give us for floating the company?"

This again floored me. Fancy these people wanting anything out of it! Really a very sordid tone seems to pervade English finance. However, I supposed the Editor was prepared for expenses of this character, so I asked him what their usual fee was. He replied:

"Oh, we usually expect £500 in cash, and £500 in shares, when the company is pulled through."

This appeared to be a pretty substantial sum to pay, but doubtless the Editor had anticipated all these details when telling me to form the company. So I agreed to pay them this sum on

completion of the transaction.

"Then I can leave the matter in your hands?" I said.

"We will undertake to get the company taken up on the Stock Exchange, to sketch out the prospectus, to get it registered at Somerset House, and to find, if you wish, two of the five directors necessary. You must appoint a secretary, a solicitor, and auditors, all of whose names must appear on the prospectus. You will also have to find seven persons to hold founders' shares, and to open an account at a bank. To begin with the board. Do you know anyone who would be likely to act as chairman?"

I thought awhile, and then it occurred to me that, of course, the Editor would be the very man. I therefore gave his full name and address to the broker.

"That is excellent. Now, just you find two more directors, each of whom must hold 100 shares. Then engage your secretary, who will probably accept a salary of £300 a year, but must invest £250 in £1 shares. When this has been arranged, get together the names of your seven founders' shareholders, and let me have them for inclusion in the prospectus. You had better fix this up as soon as possible so that we can apply to the Stock Exchange for a settling day, advertise the company in the financial papers, and arrange the days of

application for the shares."

I was surprised at the simplicity of the thing. Forming a company seemed to be one of those things that a child can do with a little practice. As to my two directors, I knew at once where to find them. The Hon. Harry Youngbuck, of the Benedicts, a youth who had more money than he knew what to do with, said he would be charmed to become a director and take £100 worth of shares, provided he didn't have to go to the wretched City more than once a month for his fees; and old Colonel Fitzboodle, who believes that the more companies you direct the merrier, was, after a little soft persuasion from me, similarly agreeable. The Board was therefore formed. I did not think it necessary to tell the Editor I had appointed him chairman. He would know that when the prospectus was out.

I then had to find a secretary. I met a likely man lounging about Throgmorton Street, an acquaintance who had considerable experience in horse racing. He said he would be delighted to take the job on, and when I mentioned £300 a year nearly fell on my neck. I omitted, however, to explain clearly to him that as he would have to take £250 worth of shares, his first year's payment would be at the rate of £1 a week. But I thought it better to break that gently to him when the prospectus was out.

To get together my seven founders' shareholders was a rather more lengthy process, but I met with fair success. My broker had told me that all I need do would be to go to seven friends and offer them a share of £1 each, and get them to attach their names to a form which he showed me, stating that they were desirous of forming themselves into a company. This was necessary before the application form for incorporation could be lodged at Somerset House.

By the aid of various stockbroking friends, who appeared to take an uncanny interest in my company, I got seven men to become founders. Some of them objected at first, as they said continually filling up forms even in friendship's name became a trifle tiresome if you overdid it, but

they finally gave way.

In a day or two I received a proof of the prospectus of the "Universal Peerless Tooth Powder Company," capital, £20,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each. Chairman (the Editor), directors (my two club friends and the two gentlemen "found" by the broker), the secretary, auditors, solicitors, and bankers (those of the brokers, who had opened an account in the company's name).

The following Tuesday week was fixed for the London public to apply for shares, and the Wednesday for country investors. All now depended on the extent to which the shares were taken up by the public.

I spent the whole of that Tuesday hanging round the Bank. At twelve I was informed that about 1,000 shares had been applied for. This looked fairly promising. At two o'clock another 1,000 or so had come in. At four, when the London applications closed, 500 more. So the result of the London applications meant that the company had raised £2,500 out of £20,000.

I told my broker this with some confidence. But on hearing it he whistled.

"Say, old man, it doesn't look very rosy. But perhaps the country applications will show up better. Of course, if the shares are not taken up, you will have to get someone to subscribe the remainder, or

the show's a buster."

On the morrow, I hung around the Bank with bated breath. Would the country rise in its might and take Peerless Tooth Powder shares? At twelve a gentleman in Manchester had risen to the extent of 100. At two a Plymouth man had taken fifty, and at four, this mighty response had reached its climax in the application of a Rugby schoolboy for a share for himself and one for his friend.

So the U. P. T. P. Company was now worth about £3,000, including the directors' shares.

"Well, Mr. Doubleyou," said the broker, when I told him, "you had better cut straight along to that friend of yours and tell him to plank down the remaining £17,000, or I fear this company is at an end."

With trembling heart I went to the Editor's office.

"Well, Doubleyou, how's the tooth powder going?" He had rather an aggravating leer on his face, which did not subdue my rather boiling blood.

"Oh," I replied, irritated, "first rate. Board formed, prospectus out, company registered, applications for shares received."

"Good," he said. "And which member of the nobility is chairman?"

"Why, yourself, of course," I said.

"The Flor de Dindigul!" he howled, "What do you mean by that? What does this let me in for?"

"Oh," I replied,

"a mere bagatelle of £17,000.

£3,000 has been applied for, and if the company is to go through you must at once take up the remaining shares, or your relative's tooth powder will be on the floor. Here's your cheque b——"

But the painful scene which here ensued would not contribute to the reputation of this journal if described. Suffice it to say that it will be many a long month before I hear the last of that wretched tooth powder. Of course, that £17,000 was not subscribed, so the company did not go through. The loss, chargeable to the Editor, was the broker's fee, the cost of printing the prospectus, the stamp duty, advertising, an enormous postage and other miscellaneous expenses.

All the cheques paid in by shareholders had to be returned, and that secretary of mine is so pressing in his desire to meet me alone that I have been compelled to ask two members of the staff to be always with me when I go out.

I wish it to be clearly understood that wild horses will not drag me again into the City on business of any kind whatever, and so great is my hatred of the word tooth powder that in future I have decided to use a patent cream instead.

(Next Friday Miss Madge Morris will tell how she lived for a week on 10s.)

MAKE TWO FACES

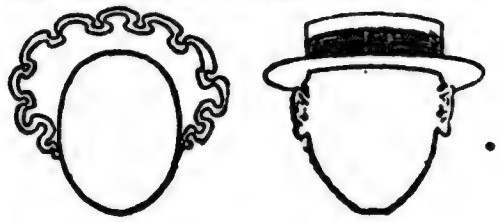
And win a Gramophone.

In this competition we offer another 25 Gramophones out of the 1,500 which we are giving to readers.

The Gramophone is one of the most delightful companions for the long winter evenings. None of your friends can talk like a talking machine can, and give you the same amount of fun as it produces. It is the very essence of good and genial companionship, and it never tires you. What it says, or what it sings, is always interesting. Each instrument is fitted with a Concert Sound Box, which greatly increases the volume of sound.

How You May Get a Gramophone.

Below you will see two outlines of heads—one that of a man, the other that of a woman. We want you to put in the features, so as to make the funniest faces. You may insert in each case only (*a*) two eyes; (*b*) a nose; (*c*) a mouth. No other lines may be put in. Each line must be drawn in ink. Pencil lines will disqualify the competitor. When you have made your faces, write your name and address on the space provided, and cut the lot out and send them to us in an envelope marked "HEADS." Latest time of arrival is first post Thursday, October 9th



Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

A Gramophone will be awarded to each of the twenty-five competitors whose faces are considered by the Editor to be the best.

The closing date of the competition in which One Hundred Gramophones are offered for the hundred best sentences, the words of which shall begin respectively with the letters

G-R-A-M-O-P-H-O-N-E

in the order given, is Tuesday next, September 30th. Post-cards must be addressed to the "Gramophone" Department, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, but each must be on a separate post-card.

Boys and Girls!

ANOTHER COMPETITION FOR YOU.

10 SPLENDID GRAMOPHONES,

and thousands of other prizes.

With the next number of *Pearson's Weekly* will be presented an eight-page paper entitled NURSERY NEWS. It will be a paper full of good things for boys and girls, and will have a lot of nice pictures. The heading is a very funny one, and it is the heading that is going to form the subject of this new competition.

What you have to do is to copy in black ink the title of the new little paper which you will find in *Pearson's Weekly* next week. The copies must be larger than the original title, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "Boy" or "Girl," as the case may be, to the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor. Each heading must bear the name of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in at once, when the prizes will be immediately awarded. Schools may make any number of attempts. The closing date will be announced in due course.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a little gift in the shape of either a pencil-case, penknife, book, box of water-colours, card of school requisites, or novelty top will be awarded, and to each of the ten boys and girls whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best of all those sent in from all schools will be presented a splendid Gramophone (five Gramophones for boys and five Gramophones for girls). Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a gramophone will be presented with a cheque for £3 3s.

Show this to your school-teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition.

The number of copies of NURSERY NEWS required by the teacher for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Publisher, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Ten minutes' reading will tell you whether you will like "Black Fortune" or not. We have no doubt about your decision.

"AS A MAN SOWS."

CHAPTER LXII.

Renunciation!

"Lord help us! I want to do what's best for him, and his happiness."

This was Flash Meg's one thought now. There had been a struggle, a fierce struggle, but that was over now. The higher, nobler, unselfish side of her character had conquered. The night that followed Liza's husband's visit was one of restless tossing to and fro, and wakefulness.

If she were right—and her womanly instinct told her that beyond doubt she was right—she would be standing between the happiness of two people who loved each other.

"And I love him well enough," she whispered once, "not to spoil his life for him. And yet he knows that I love him, and if I was to tell him that I wouldn't marry him, that nothing in the wide world would make me do it, I should always alter be sort of pressing on his conscience. Somehow, I'm thinking it would have been better for all of us if Jim the Dandy's aim had been a bit straighter. It'd have been better, happier for me, if it had ended that night in the hospital when he held me in his arms, and I didn't know what I know now. I wonder if it could be done without no one but me knowing. I'm beginning to think I'd be best out of the way, somehow!"

Her hand stole to her wounded bosom. The stitches had not yet been removed.

"Supposing one of the stitches was to break. I've heard of such things happening before now at hospitals. It would be put down as an accident. Nobody would be the wiser!"

She was shifting the bandages; but she stayed her hand a moment later.

She was not afraid of death; she was brave, recklessly brave; and it was her bravery that stayed her hand. It was the act of a coward!

"God meant you to play a strong, good part in the world!"

Was this playing a strong, good part? The old reckless, fighting spirit was in the mastery again! Wasn't there plenty of work to be done in the world, good work, even for the likes of her. Wouldn't he be proud of her, if he knew that she was doing her best, such as it was? Wouldn't it be something to know that he and his wife—he should marry Grace, she meant to bring that about!—held her in respect, and loved her!

"But as a sister!" she whispered chokingly.

Then she laughed, a laugh in which there was a suspicion of the old brazen ring. And the night nurse, hearing it—it rang out strangely through the silent ward—hurried up to the bed.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"My thoughts, nurse! They made me laugh! I say, when do you think I'm going to be let out of the hospital? Not that I haven't been happy here, and nobody could have been better treated; but when do you think I shall be let out?"

"I daresay in a few days now; but hush! You must go to sleep!"

But Flash Meg did not, could not, obey.

And again she laughed; but this time so softly that it did not reach the nurse's ears.

"We were always great pals," she whispered, "why not? And p'raps he wouldn't mind going away with me somewhere; but I don't think I could bear to see him again. But Grace and the little kiddie, yes! And I'm going to tell her that she's got to marry him!"

Again she laughed ever so softly.

A few moments later the night nurse again hurried to the bed, drawn there this time not by laughter but by the sounds of stifled sobs.

"What is it? Why are you crying?"

"My thoughts again!" choked Flash Meg. "Can't I do as I like, so long as I don't make too much noise?"

"But you mustn't!" whispered the nurse gently. "You know that you're not well yet, and any sort of excitement is bad for you." She placed her hand on Flash Meg's forehead. It was burning. "Now just try to think of nothing, and go to sleep."

"Easier said than done, that!" answered Flash Meg, in a choking voice.

The nurse moved away from the bed, to return with a clinical thermometer. Flash Meg's temperature had risen. For the last two days it had been all but normal.

"You're sure you're not in pain?" whispered the nurse.

"The wound's throbbing a bit; but it's nothing! There, now, I'll try to go to sleep, nurse!"

But she essayed in vain. It was a night of restless wakefulness and feverish tossing; but the fight had been fought, and the victory gained. Flash Meg, one time thief and decoy, was proving herself a heroine, for the love that is capable of renunciation is of the highest and noblest order. But she was a woman, very human; and the victory had cost her much agony.

The morning brought her a letter from Halward, written by him after Grace's departure from Rushford on the previous day. It was an autograph letter, this time. He knew now why she had tried to steal his watch from him, that night in Pinchbeck Lane, knew of her reckless, unselfish devotion to Grace, knew that but for her his quest might have been in vain. Again he had found it hard to express his admiration, his gratitude, in words.

"When I think," he wrote, "how I spoke to you that night, my conscience stabs me like a knife. You were playing, and had been playing a strong, good part!"

She had done wrong for right's sake, he had told himself, and for another's sake. Doing wrong that right may come is a dangerous doctrine to advocate; but an unselfish motive will sometimes circle a sin about with the halo of a virtue, and Halward, knowing the woman, knowing what her past had been and how pitilessly circumstance had treated her, only saw the splendid unselfishness that had actuated her. His feelings towards her were those of reverence. And, somehow, in his abrupt fashion, he had managed to convey this in his letter. It was a fine, manly letter, none the worse for not being ornate in its style. It conveyed affection and love—but the love was that of a brother for a sister.

And Flash Meg reading, marvelled that she had ever been deceived. She folded it up, and, having first made sure that nobody was looking, kissed it before tucking it away under her pillow. Again she told herself that, but for her own declaration of love when she thought herself dying, his would have never been made.

"It was like him," she whispered, "and I love him all the more for his lie; because it was a splendid lie, and it isn't his fault that I found him out. And if I hadn't found him out, he'd have gone on living his lie, keeping it from me, and trying his best to make me happy; but it's not going to be!"

She caught her breath suddenly, and pressed a hand to her bosom—a sudden pang of physical pain. The wound was throbbing very painfully that morning.

When, later, the surgeon visited her, he glanced rather anxiously at the chart, hung up above the bed, on which was recorded Flash Meg's temperature. The sudden rise pointed to some mischief at work. The cause was discovered when he examined the wound. It was angry-looking and inflamed. He drew the nurse on one side.

"Nurse," he whispered, "I don't like the look of things!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Arrest of Reuben Grimwood, M.A.

With much gloomy pomp and grim ceremony, the remains of Sir Royle had been interred in the last resting-place of the Malyons. It was all over now. The few relatives and intimate friends of the dead man who had returned to the Hall had offered their condolences to the beautiful, broken widow, and had taken their departure.

That night saw Reuben Grimwood sitting alone in the library, restless and ill at ease. Mr. Palliser, the family solicitor, had received a formal notification from Sir Charles Lewisham on the subject of the claim that was about to be made on behalf of the alleged widow and son of Gilbert Malyon, and Palliser was expected at the Hall that night.

Lady Malyon was away in the night nursery, sitting beside her child's cot. Sitting there in the dim light, she looked like a beautiful shadow. Suspense was gnawing at her heart too. Now and again she bent forward, and peered down at the little sleeper. What news would the lawyer be bringing with him that night? The little Royle's indisposition had only been temporary. He was quite himself again now. A hundred tumultuous thoughts were crowding through the woman's burning brain, as she stroked the little sleeper's velvety cheek. She was not utterly selfish. The thoughts were of her child, not of herself, and the shadowy danger that still hovered over her. At last she rose up. She kissed the child again and again before she could bring herself to leave him. Then she glided away, like a beautiful shadow, through silent, dimly-lighted corridors, down the broad stairs into the library.

What news would Palliser be bringing with him that night?

As she entered Grimwood rose to greet her.

She glided past him, and sinking down into a chair, rested her chin upon her hands, and stared almost vacantly into space. Grimwood moved across to the mantelpiece, and, leaning against it, watched her out of the corners of his eyes. Come what would, she was his now, irrevocably his! Then, with a spasmodic, quick movement, his hand went up to his face, and he was fingering his lean jaws. A screwdriver had suddenly intruded itself into his thoughts.

They had not spoken, had scarcely stirred when, some quarter of an hour later, the rattle of carriage wheels penetrated into the room. Then they glanced at one another, nervous suspense shining from both their eyes.

There was a knock, and Miles entered.

"Mr. Palliser, your Ladyship!" he said in a low voice, and with a curious glance at the lean figure that was standing by the mantelpiece.

Lady Malyon rose up.

"I will see Mr. Palliser here. Mr. Grimwood, I should like you to be present at our interview."

Reuben Grimwood was the secretary now. He bowed deferentially.

There was time for a swift, nervous interchange of glances before the solicitor entered. He crossed to Lady Malyon, and whispered a few words of sympathy and condolence; then glanced to Reuben Grimwood; like Miles's, it was a curious glance. Grimwood bowed. The solicitor barely acknowledged the salutation.

"I should like Mr. Grimwood to be present," said Lady Malyon, in a low voice. She was bearing herself with her old grace and dignity now, no sign of anxiety on her white face, only subdued grief.

The solicitor bowed. When he straightened himself up, he was the man of business.

"Lady Malyon," he said, "I am afraid that the communication that I must make to you will come as a great shock; but since my last letter to you, certain facts have been brought to light that practically prove that the child is the legitimate son of the late Mr. Gilbert Malyon."

The woman's only movement was an opening and shutting of her hands.

There was a moment of absolute silence.

"When I received Sir Charles Lewisham's first communication," continued the lawyer, "I did not think, for one moment, that the claim would stand. When, in addition to my own convictions, I received information that a body had been taken from the river which, according to the evidence of certain papers found upon it, seemed undoubtedly to be that of Geoffrey Marsh, I took it for granted that the claim would be withdrawn; but, Lady Malyon, the body has since been identified as that of a man called Bartholomew Boote, a furniture dealer, of Pinchbeck Lane, London."

Reuben Grimwood still stood by the mantelpiece. It was, perhaps, the effect of the lights, but his face seemed to assume a greenish hue. His lower jaw had dropped. With one hand he had clutched the mantelpiece for support. He seemed to have shrivelled.

"The matter," continued the lawyer, "is in the hands of the police; but this does not bear directly on the question before us."

Beads of sweat were standing out on Grimwood's forehead. His teeth were chattering; but the woman with red-gold hair still stood rigid-faced, outwardly calm, her only movement the opening and shutting of her hands.

"But," went on the lawyer, "there is still more conclusive evidence with regard to the child's identity. This morning, Silas Gride, a solicitor, who was wanted for the embezzlement of trust funds, was arrested. Besides certain papers found about his person, he voluntarily stated that he was in a position to prove that Geoffrey Marsh was the late Mr. Gilbert Malyon, he, Gride, having acted as an intermediary between Mr. Gilbert and the late Sir Royle, at the time that Mr. Gilbert was passing as Geoffrey Marsh. In the face of this evidence, and further evidence that will be forthcoming, I feel it my duty to advise you to accept the inevitable. In my last interview with the late Sir Royle, he impressed upon me his desire that, if his son had left behind him a legitimate heir, justice should be done. And, Lady Malyon, it is my duty to tell you that I look upon the claim as proved!"

The woman might have been a marble statue, save for the movement of her working hands. There was something about the shrivelled-up figure by the mantelpiece that suggested a mummy.

Bartholomew dead! Grim, ironical fate had ordained that, dead, he had almost succeeded where living he had failed. Bartholomew dead, and the matter was in the hands of the police!

The solicitor was speaking again.

"I very much regret, Lady Malyon, to have been the bearer of this information. I further regret that there is undoubted evidence that some sort of conspiracy had been on foot to keep Mrs. Gilbert Malyon and her child in the background, a conspiracy in which this man, Boote, was in some way connected. Probably it was with the idea of extracting the promise of a large sum of money from Mrs. Malyon, in the event of her rights being obtained for her; but, as I said before, the matter is in the hands of the police, and will be duly investigated. I trust you will allow me to watch over your interests during subsequent proceedings. There is no knowing what complications may arise!"

For a moment his eyes wandered to the shrivelled, stooping figure by the mantelpiece.

During the brief silence that followed, the faint sound of wheels again penetrated into the room. Another vehicle was rolling up the drive.

"Mr. Palliser"—Lady Malyon was speaking, in a low, inflexionless voice, "you will understand why it is impossible for me to discuss these matters with you now. You will stay the night. Rooms have been prepared for you. Mr. Grimwood, would you kindly ring?"

Grimwood, supporting himself with one hand against the mantelpiece, reached for the bell.

"Miles," said Lady Malyon, when the butler entered, "will you show Mr. Palliser to his rooms?"

The solicitor bowed to Lady Malyon; then, altogether ignoring the secretary, followed the butler from the room. The door swung to.

The game was over—had been played and lost!

With a low scream, changed in an instant into a horrible fury, the woman sprang towards the cringing, trembling figure by the mantelpiece. Her hands were clenched as though, in her mad rage, she meant to strike him. Then it must have flashed through her mind that his power over her was the power of life and death.

She put her hands about his neck.

"Reuben, I have given myself to you, body and soul. There's danger threatening. For my sake, for my boy's sake, for the love you bear me, tell me that whatever happens, you won't betray me?"

The old fire within the cringing, shrivelled wretch blazed up, once again his brain reeled with the old intoxication.

"I swear, I swear!" he hissed. "But, tell me once that you love me. Say it—"

A knock on the door. They sprang apart.

Miles entered. A quick, frightened glance at Reuben Grimwood, then he looked on the ground.

"There are some gentlemen in the hall who wish to speak to you, Mr. Grimwood!"

A moment before passion had straightened him up, and he had seemed his old self; but, at the words, Reuben Grimwood seemed to shrivel again.

The door was half-open. He could see men standing in the hall. The curious green colour had stolen again over his features.

"Say," he whispered, "say"—his hand was feeling in his waistcoat pocket—"say that I will be with them in a few moments, Miles!"

But a man stood upon the threshold, a rugged-faced, shrewd-featured man. And as Reuben Grimwood drew something from his pocket, he sprang forward, and with a sharp blow struck the something that he held from his hand—a little bottle. It struck the marble mantelpiece with a crash, and the faint odour of bitter almonds impregnated the air.

"No, you don't! And you won't have another chance!"

Other men had entered now. There was a metallic snap. And Reuben Grimwood, M.A., was handcuffed.

"We hold a warrant for your arrest, Reuben Grimwood!" said one of the men; then, glancing at Lady Malyon, "but we'll give you the particulars outside."

On the previous night the police, armed with the necessary documents, had paid a secret visit to the Malyon vault.

"Come!"

Supporting him on either side, they led him to the door, a withered, shrivelled thing; but on the threshold he turned his head and glanced back at the woman who stood motionless and white as a marble statue.

For a brief instant their eyes met. Then he was gone.

Presently one of the men returned into the room. Lady Malyon had not stirred.

"Your ladyship must forgive us!" said the man apologetically, "but we had our orders, and they had to be obeyed."

"What is the charge against him?" she asked mechanically.

"Conspiracy, your ladyship, and theft, and—and robbing the dead!"

Then, as if afraid of further questions, the man bowed and retreated quickly.

The door closed to. She was alone now, utterly now, the woman with red-gold hair.

Still she stood there, like a thing of stone. Then, of a sudden, she laughed, and, clutching wildly at the air, sank to the ground in a swoon.

(To be concluded.)

The article on Kubelik is very finely illustrated with photographs of the great violinist.

WHERE COLLIES CATCH CRIMINALS.

Some time ago there was an alarming increase in burglary, robbery with violence, and other crimes committed by night in the suburbs of Ghent. The vigilance of the police proved unable to cope with the evil, although their numbers were considerably augmented, and the criminals continued their career almost with complete impunity, so skilful had they become in the art of dodging the police, until at last it occurred to the chief Commissioners of Police to afford the night police additional assistance in the shape of trained dogs. The experiment was made with eight dogs, seven of them being of the breed of Swiss-Belgian sheep dogs.

The police dogs are trained most carefully. Ever on the alert, they accompany the policemen on their nightly rounds, and not only protect them from being taken by surprise and murderously attacked by desperate night prowlers, which is in itself a most valuable service, but by the quickness of their instinct in scenting the presence of men, and intimating their whereabouts to their human companions, they make it impossible for any evildoer to lurk in the darkest corner undetected.

So clearly do the malefactors recognise this fact, and so holy a horror have they of coming into contact with the dog police, that they have completely abandoned the suburbs of Ghent which are patrolled by these canine guardians of the peace; and the parts which were formerly the happy hunting grounds of the most brutal criminals are now as safe by night as the most populous thoroughfare is by day.

In order that, should an encounter take place, the dogs may do as little harm as possible, the greatest care is given to their management and diet.

A special keeper is told off to attend to them. They are kept in kennels which are cleaned daily, and disinfected weekly, and they are frequently examined by a veterinary surgeon. During the day they are given two meals, one at half-past twelve and the other at seven o'clock, each consisting of bread, rice, and meat; and at midnight they are given a biscuit for supper. When on duty each dog is armed with a spiked collar and bears a medal with a number to show its identity.

Compared with their usefulness the cost of the maintenance of the canine police is extremely small. The maintenance of each dog costs no more than three-halfpence a day, and the total cost for a year of a kennel of fourteen, including medical attendance and all incidental items, is only sixty pounds a year, no great sum to secure at once both police and people.

THE HINT WAS TAKEN.

Johnnie M'Craw was a bit of a character in a country village in the North of Scotland. He lived on the charity of the villagers, but sometimes found it particularly hard work to do so.

One day, when the springs of sympathy seemed to have dried up, Johnnie made his way to the house of the local doctor, and said:

"I've come to get a' my teeth taken oot, doctor."

"Dear me," said the medical man, "what's wrang wi' them?"

"Oh, they're a' richt, but I've nae use for them; I've naething to eat."

"Yes," said the doctor, who saw the joke, "here's sixpence for you to get a loaf."

Tom: "Why is it you don't let your boy go fishing?"
Jack: "I want him to grow up a truthful man!"

Barber (who has a bad memory): "Your hair is very much thinner than when you were in here last, sir. Can I give you anything for it?"

Customer: "Yes. You might give me back what I paid you for that bottle of hair restorer. I'll let you have what is left."

A military captain, desirous of inspiring a soldier with patriotic sentiments, asked him the following question:

"What would you think if you saw a banner waving over the field of battle?"

"I should think the wind was blowing," was the man's reply.

EVADING THE LAW.

A man carrying two pigeon-baskets stopped before the town hall of a certain provincial town, and taking a pigeon out of one of the baskets was about to throw it up, when a policeman stopped him and told him he could not throw the pigeon up there.

"Ah's that?" asked the man.

"Because the law will not allow it."

The man stared at the policeman a second or two; then a bright smile crossed his face, and he put the bird on the ground.

"Tha' 'ad better walk hoame, lad," he said; "t bobby wean't let me thraw thee up!"

And the policeman didn't say much as the bird soared aloft.

COPYRIGHT YOUR NAME.

It is said that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, sen., of New York, is going to have her name copyrighted as "Mrs. Vanderbilt." Under the name on her visiting cards will appear the words, "Copyright, 1902." This will prevent the wife of her son Cornelius from using the name in this form, as she now does.

The question has now arisen whether this copyrighting of names is to become a custom, and whether all the American mothers-in-law of society pretensions will hurry to get their surnames copyrighted. Mrs. William Astor, of New York, is said to regard herself as "the Mrs. Astor," and it is thought she might follow Mrs. Vanderbilt's example.

This custom would necessitate care on the part of daughters-in-law not to infringe on the mother-in-law's prerogative in the surnames, in order to avoid breaking the copyright law. The card to be used would appear about like this:

> MRS. VANDERBILT.
>
> Copyright, 1902,
> By Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Another phase of the case is a determination not to submit on the part of some daughters-in-law. Daughters-in-law, it is asserted, do not usually prove of a tractable and obedient nature when the wishes of their husband's mother encroach on the daughter's rights, and it is likely that many of them would forestall their mothers-in-law by securing the copyright first.

This would lead to the interesting state of affairs that a woman who had been presenting a visiting card as "Mrs. Soltaire" for forty years might find that name usurped by a copyrighting daughter-in-law and be forced to amend her cards to read "Mrs. Owen Lee Soltaire," thus becoming out of fashion and a subject of consolation.

Other persons besides women with sons who are "juniors" might adopt the fashion if it became a fad, and the copyright office would thrive exceedingly.

What number of persons might be forced to change their names is a question. It is thought the Browns, Smiths, and Joneses would have more trouble than can be imagined.

WHAT TO REMEMBER—WEEK ENDING Oct. 4th.

MEMO.

Never invite disagreeable people to your house, they spoil everyone's temper. Never invite grave diseases to your house, for they spoil lives, if they do not kill. . . . . *REMEMBER THIS TO-DAY:* You can keep all grave diseases away from your home by using Scott's Emulsion, which prevents disease by maintaining the health up to standard. But see that you get Scott's Emulsion at the Chemist's. Scott's Emulsion alone contains the preventative.

If willing to be convinced in your own interests, write to Scott & Bowne Ltd., 46-50 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C. Send 4d. for postage, mention this paper, and you will receive Free Sample Bottle and the choicest Children's Booklet of the year "A Bunch of Roses."

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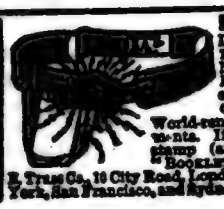

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Isobel *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* Home Notes Page.

To Take White Stains from Furniture. Rub with hot milk and turpentine, or oil and turpentine. (*Reply to* L. J. E.)

To Dissolve Gelatine. It is best to break it up small and soak in cold water for two or three hours. Then stand the basin containing it, over a sauce-panful of boiling water and stir till all is dissolved.

If Rice is to be a useful article of food, it should be cooked with milk, butter, or stock, which will supply the want of natural fat. It is a good plan to steam rice, for if it is boiled valuable parts of it are thrown away in the water.

To Keep Mice Away, scatter small pieces of camphor in your cupboards and drawers. They greatly dislike the smell of camphor, and will go far away from it. (*Reply to* Breeden.)

Grill Chops in Paper, and you will be delighted with the result. Trim and wipe each chop with a damp cloth, and wrap it in a piece of white paper which has been well buttered. Cook over or before a clear fire in a wire grill from four to six minutes.

Keeping Apples during the winter is quite easy, provided you have the proper kinds. There are many varieties of apples which will not keep after October. Spread the apples on shelves or on the floor of an empty room, so that they do not touch each other. Whenever a bad apple is seen it should be removed and the space where it stood wiped dry. (*Reply to* Blackpool.)

Now is the Time to pickle mushrooms, but be sure they are mushrooms you are using and not toadstools. It would be foolish to do yourself harm when, by asking someone who knows the difference, you could prevent the occurrence of a mistake. In the same way, if you are in doubt as to what you are best fitted for in life, you should get some advice on the matter. This can easily be done by sending a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to Ranee, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Vegetable Marrow Jam from this recipe is what I have found popular for years in my own household: Peel the marrow, remove the seeds, and cut the pulp into thick finger lengths; weigh, and to every pound allow one pound of lump cane sugar, and to every six pounds allow one ounce of ground ginger and one glass of whisky. Let the pulp lay in the sugar overnight, put in the ginger when the jam first boils up, boil for half an hour over a steady fire, or longer if it does not jelly when a little is dropped on a plate; add the whisky about ten minutes before taking off the jam, and remember to take the preserving pan off the fire whilst stirring in the whisky, or it will froth over the pan. Ripe marrows are best for this jam. (*Reply to* May.)

Just the Thing for Growing Girls.

A good material skirt, nicely cut and finished, which can be worn with a variety of flannel blouses, and be very serviceable for school wear. The little skirt depicted in the accompanying sketch is intended for a girl of about twelve to fourteen years of age, the paper pattern of which is given away with every copy of that charming little paper, Home Notes for October 2nd, in which full particulars are given concerning it. Do not forget next week to look for the Grand Autumn Fashion Double Number of Home Notes, with which a paper pattern of a dainty Dressing Jacket will be given away, but the price will be 2d., as it will be a special number.

To Take Stains off Knives, have a used wine bottle cork with a smooth end, dip this into emery powder, wet with a little methylated spirit. Rub the spotted part of the knife with this, and it will quickly be bright. (*Reply to* Retusa.)

When Making Sauces always dissolve the butter in the sauce-pan, and stir the dry flour into it, and stir while both cook together a few seconds, then add the liquor to be used cold. Stir all sauces till they boil and leave the sides of the pan.

To Make Oil Paper. Brush over sheets of thin paper with boiled oil, and then hang them on lines to dry. This will be quite waterproof, and is employed to tie over jars, etc., and is useful in every household for packing sandwiches. (*Reply to* Jarrow.)

This Waterproofing for Calico will, I hope, suit your purpose. Take three pints of pale linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of resin. Grind the sugar of lead with a small quantity of the resin, and then mix it well with the remainder. Gently warm the resin and oil to make them mix well together. Lay the composition on the calico with a brush. (*Reply to* W. Green.)

To Clean a Fawn Coat. Heat flour in the oven, and, when it is thoroughly hot, but not at all discoloured, apply it to the cloth with a piece of flannel. Have the coat spread on a table and rub firmly; as the flour gets dirty shake it off and use fresh. Brush with a freshly washed cloth brush. If this does not do all you wish, send the coat to a good cleaner. (*Reply to* A. M. C. N.)

Chocolate Cheesecakes. Cream one ounce of butter with two ounces and a half of caster sugar, and one ounce and a half of grated chocolate, one ounce of crushed ratafia biscuits, and three eggs. Beat all these ingredients together until the mixture is quite smooth, and about the consistency of good cream. Flavour with essence of lemon, and fill pastry-lined patty-pans with the mixture. Bake carefully and serve hot or cold.

An Effective Antidote to Poisons. It is a great thing to thoroughly understand what simple antidote to take if one is so unlucky as to swallow poison of any kind through mistake or otherwise. Sweet oil is to be found in nearly every house, however humble, and half a pint of it taken immediately is an effective antidote to almost all poisons. Anyone with a very strong constitution should take a larger quantity of this simple remedy.

These Bath Buns will be like a confectioner's, and the quantities I quote will produce one dozen and a half buns. Take one pound and a half of flour, the grated peel of a lemon, and a dessert-spoonful of yeast. Mix all thoroughly together, moisten with a small teacupful of milk in which has been melted a quarter of a pound of butter, and two eggs. Add a quarter of a pound of caster sugar, mix thoroughly, cover, and put before the fire to rise; then form into buns and bake. Put a strip or two of candied peel on each bun before baking. (*Reply to* Wick.)

Stewed Steak requires to be very slowly cooked; for this reason put it in a covered jar in the oven, or in a sauce-pan of boiling water. Do not let the water boil fast after the first twenty minutes, for the contents of the jar must only simmer. Take a good steak for the purpose, cut it into convenient-sized pieces, and fry in hot butter to a good brown. Set in the jar; fry an onion, herbs, and a tomato in the butter, dredge flour in thickly, and add sufficient cold water or stock for the gravy. Stir with a wooden spoon while all boils. Season to taste; colour the gravy and then strain it into the jar. Cook for two hours. (*Reply to* W. Cava.)

How to Make Good Bread. Here is an excellent recipe, which I am sure you will like: Weigh three pounds of flour, and put it in a dry pan. Mix one ounce of German yeast into a smooth paste with a little tepid water, and add, by degrees, more tepid water, till you have nearly two pints. Put a pinch of salt into a well in the middle of the flour, and strain the mixed yeast into it; mix it all smoothly into the dough. Be careful to leave no dry lumps of flour. Sprinkle a little flour over the dough, cover, and set in a warm place for at least two hours and a half, to rise. Then turn it out on a well-floured board, and work in more flour. Make it into three loaves, bake on a floured tin in flat bread tins. Half a pound of flour is required for making it up. When large quantities of bread are made, only a small portion of the water is put in at first, and a small portion of flour wetted, this is called "setting the sponge"; this rises for some hours. (*Reply to* E. H.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.		1902. JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.
Good Friday	March 28.	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30
Easter Monday	March 31.	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24
Whitsun Monday	May 19.	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Bank Holiday	August 4.	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26
Coronation Day	August 9.	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27
Christmas Day	December 25.	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28
Boxing Day	December 26.	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29

WHAT IS A "DOO TAIRT"?

Experiences of a London Lady's Maid in Scotland

When my mistress told me that she was going to Scotland for two months and that she wished me to accompany her I was somewhat taken aback, for previously I had not been further North than Leicestershire, where the family goes year by year for hunting. Of course, I said at once that I would go, but, girl-like, I added that I didn't relish going so far away. Here, let me say, that I am a Londoner, and that I got a situation as lady's maid chiefly because of my successful hair-dressing efforts.

In due course we reached the house near the master's "shoot," a nice, roomy place in rather a lonely part. My duties away from home are naturally not subject to such great changes as are, for instance, those of the coachman, yet I found, especially in my spare time, much that was new to me in the way of social matters. When my mistress was satisfied with her toilet, and was out for the evening at one of the neighbouring houses, I would sometimes go off with one of the other servants, and call upon one of the tenants, or we would, in turn, invite one or two of the tenants and their wives into our place for a modest supper and a few harmless games.

I must say that the Scotch folk are a most kindly and "canny" race. They treated us strangers very generously indeed. As a class I found the Scotch women loved nothing so much as a little gossip about the smart people in London Society, whose reputations and movements are followed faithfully from day to day by them. Many ladies, such as the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Portland, have rendered valuable help to the poor in Scotland, and it is no doubt on this account that, in return, their smallest actions are most carefully watched by countless humble admirers north of the Tweed.

One day I was not a little upset by a dear old mother who came to call on us, carrying in her hands a basket containing something tenderly wrapped up in spotlessly white linen cloths. It transpired that she had brought me a present out of gratitude for a lesson or two I had been pleased to give her in the art of feather-stitching.

Before receiving the gift, or gaining any idea of what it really consisted, I felt prompted to say that I could not think of accepting it. I said that I had already received kindnesses enough without taking anything in the shape of—of whatever it was that the basket contained! The reader may judge of my astonishment when the good old soul declared that she would be grievously offended if I would not take from her a real "doo tairt" made by her own hands. As she uttered the, to me, mysterious words "doo tairt," she displayed a large pie or pasty. I immediately acted as if I understood, and I accepted the pie on the spot. Afterwards I learnt that "doo tairt" stood for nothing more alarming than pigeon pie.

Ladies' maids, who hail from London, are always made exceedingly welcome in all parts of rural Scotland. I have little or no doubt that this is mainly because the Scotch women are very industrious needle-workers, and are for ever on the look out for new patterns of all sorts. If you give the wife of a gardener or a gamekeeper a hint or two about the latest thing in crocheting, she is your friend till death.

Girls of my own class who have never been to Scotland would be utterly surprised were they to see, as I have seen, how clean and clever are the Scotch women in their own houses. They not only make the greater part of their own dresses, but, what is still more wonderful to a Southerner, they make and bake their own bread.

It would, indeed, be a wholesome lesson to many thousands of thought-to-be domesticated girls in many of our big English towns, could they but visit some of the small Scotch homes into which I have been.

My mistress, when her social duties permit, is never tired of going in and out of the houses of some of the tenantry. It is, I can see, a splendid diversion for her. She is entertained and amused by the dry humour and the quaint originality of the people of these northern parts. The wonderful legends and stories that are told concerning the late Queen Victoria would, if collected, make a bulky volume. Needless to say that the King's recent illness was also the groundwork for many a remarkable story associated with dreams and presentiments and superstitions.

A lady's maid sees life as perhaps no other class does. It matters not where she goes, she is everywhere allowed to see behind the scenes; her confidential position gives her, as it were, the key to the confidences of other people.

To be a success as a lady's maid one must know how to do all that can be done in the way of hair-dressing and needlework, and one must be of decent appearance and manners. If one is able to carry in mind the colours and designs of dresses only once seen, one is also at a great advantage. Ladies who travel a great deal usually look about for a German maid, who frequently speaks at least a couple of languages, but there is a steady demand for respectable young persons of British birth, who speak only their mother tongue. The wages are good, and the work is, on the whole, easy and congenial.

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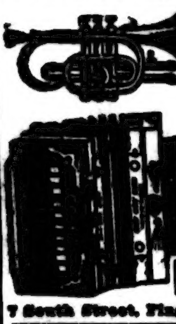

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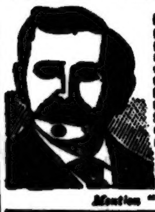

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A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

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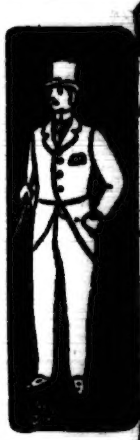

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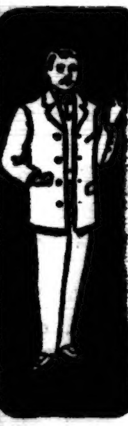

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NEAVE'S FOOD

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"An excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I.; Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.*

DR. BARNARDO says: "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Wireless Messages.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

J. A.—The American form of Government is costlier than our own, as all the members of the Senate and House of Representatives are paid at the rate of £1,000 a year with heavy extras, including travelling expenses.

"PLEASE tell me, Mr. Editor," writes L. C. B. "what are the Belgians? Some say they are a breed of Dutchmen, and others that they are really of French origin."——The two principal races of Belgians are the Flemish, or natives of Flanders, and the Walloons, who inhabit the southern provinces. They are neither French nor Dutch, the Flemish being an old and distinct race, with a tongue of their own, and the Walloons a survival of an ancient Teutonic race. The Flemish language is retained all over Belgium, where it is used in public notices, street signs, and other ways almost equally with the French, which is the State language. The Walloons speak a kind of French. Belgium really consists of the Flanders of old, and a few Walloon provinces, and though French is her native language, she is as distinct a nationality as any other in Europe.

"IN most of the good songs,—which has been written first, the words or the music?" asks G. J.——In most good songs, I should say the music had been first to see the light. A good tune is an inspiration which usually comes to a composer quite apart from any words. To hand a composer some verses and ask him to set them to music is to invite him to a difficult task. Sir Arthur Sullivan is known to have been appalled when handed Mr. Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar" for musical setting, as the words did not at all lend themselves to music. That Sullivan did so well with them was a surprise to himself and everyone else, and an instance of his remarkable genius. But with nearly every good tune known, it is most probable that the composer had it in his head long before the accompanying words came along.

A. S. wonders why it is that a person living, say, in Glasgow, goes out of town for a fortnight and returns with a tanned face. If he had remained in the city, where the sun is every bit as strong, his face would have shown no material alteration.——It is not only the sun that causes a fine, healthy complexion. The man who goes out of Glasgow for a fortnight probably exposes himself constantly during the whole of that time to the open air, whether it may be sunny, windy, or rainy. Such tan as he acquires is rendered the more conspicuous because the whole complexion has assumed a deeper shade of red than it previously possessed. Man's complexion is practically in his own control, as it shapes itself mainly according to the atmospheric elements. A man who chose to dwell in impure air could in time turn a roseate glow into the colour of parchment. Those readers who wish to preserve or acquire good complexions should never lose an opportunity, winter or summer, of being in the open air.

"CAN you please explain what the Monroe Doctrine means, how it affects the nations, and how it was founded?" asks POLITICUS.——The Monroe Doctrine was established in 1823 by President Monroe of the United States. Its principle was that the "American Continents were not to be considered as subjects for colonisation by any European Power." Any attempt to impose European rule on American States would be regarded as a hostile act against the United States. Strangely enough, one of the most active supporters of this doctrine was Great Britain herself under Canning, who desired to check the oversea designs of the then Holy Alliance between Prussia, Russia, and Austria. In spite of this, the Doctrine was turned very sharply on us by President Cleveland in 1895, when we were attempting to get a solution of the Venezuelan Boundary question. The recent action of Germany in Hayti suggests that the Doctrine is respected by all the European Powers, who, however they may wish to punish irritating Republics in the American Continent, would not now dare to attempt to annex territories over the Atlantic.

"WHICH features of our bodies are likely soonest to disappear?" writes N. V. C.——Those which we do not use to the extent designed by Nature. Firstly the hair, which was designed by her to protect the head from the excesses of climate. The hair has been placed on the retired list by the use of the hat. Consequently it has no use other than that of ornament, and being useless, soonest disappears and will be the first probably to become extinct in future generations. Next to this, probably the teeth. Nature intended us to use them much more in the mastication of hard substances such as gristle, skins, and tough flesh. Instead of so employing them we cast gristle aside, eschew skins, and cut up our meat into small pieces. Consequently the teeth are more or less superfluous, and do very little work indeed. And are we not gradually losing them? It is known that the teeth of our ancestors were much bigger and more lasting than our own. Those of our posterity, if they exist at all, will probably be insignificant both in size or strength.

T.C.—Civet is a perfume obtained from a gland under the tail of the civet-cat, a small carnivorous animal which is a native of Africa.

"HAVE the working classes of to-day to work as hard as their forefathers?" T. E. P. thinks they do, because, while the hours are shorter, machinery causes a much greater strain on the nerves.——In which I quite agree with T. E. P. The atmosphere of a modern workshop and its machinery certainly tend to exhaustion in a much shorter time than was the case when only the hand was employed in manufacturing wares. The air, light, and temperature of a workshop to-day are all injurious to a man for more than a certain number of hours daily, and the presence in them of gases of various kinds often causes insidious disease. At the same time, legislation in favour of proper conditions of work in factories is very much more active in our day than it was fifty years ago, so that if the workman is exposed to greater danger nowadays than his forefathers, he is very much better looked after by the Government, and by his own trade unions.

I HAVE to apologise this week for allotting an extra amount of space to the list of subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND. As you will see, the list has mounted up grandly, and the huge number of contributions makes it necessary to occupy more space with the names and amounts. The list, however, will close in a week or two, and we shall then give up the whole of this page to talkee-talkee. Meanwhile, no one, I feel sure, will grudge the space filled with FRESH AIR FUND acknowledgements—even if they themselves haven't subscribed.

SEPTEMBER 10th last was "Riflemen's Contingent," at Loughton; enough money to pay for the outing having come to hand from the Sergeants of the 1st King's Royal Rifles at De Aar.

WILL those readers who still have FRESH AIR FUND Collecting Lists kindly return them at once to the Secretary, FRESH AIR FUND, *Pearson's Weekly* Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BELOW is given this week's list of contributions to the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,771 13s. 4d.

M. H. Arradenel, 15s.; J. C., 9d.; Granshaw, 7s. 7d.; B. A. (Dublin), 5s.; R. Callon, 2s.; W. H. Tyler, 1s. 6d.; Horace, 2s. 6d.; Little Maidservant, 9d.; Baron Thomas Smethurst, £1 1s.; M. Willingham, 2s. 3d.; M., 9d.; Anon. (Sutton Coldfields), 1s.; Procrastination, 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; W. J. S. Girvan, 1s. 6d.; Constance Edith, 1s.; Dundonian, 9d.; Doris E. Faulkner, 2s.; J. W. T. Pennock, 4s. 6d.; P. Ginton, 2s. 6d.; T. Griffiths, 9d.; M. A. Jenkins, 2s. 6d.; Q. W., 1s.; R. E. H., 3s.; R. S. T., 5s.; A Widow (Godalming), 2s. 6d.; For Tommy's Sake, 4s.; Anon. (Harrogate), 10s.; "Evod," £1 1s.; G. Dykes Hewlett, £1; A. B., 2s. 6d.; Eleanor, 2s. 3d.; H. F., 2s.; P. Brash, 5s. 2d.; E. H. Williams, £1 1s.; Anon, 1s.; Mrs. Pattinson, 10s.; E. Martin, 5s.; Three Little Girls, 9d.; Mrs. Ripley, £5; S. O., G.P.O., E. H. No. 16, 1s. 6d.; A. Saxon in Dublin, £1 0s. 3d.; E. Nagern, 5s.; Charlie, Cecil, and George Crumpsall, 4s. 6d.; J. Caddington, 1s.; J. J. 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6. The Midshipmite. Sung by Mr. Leo Stormont.
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5. The Daisy Polka. Whistled by Mr. Charles Capper.
6. Oh, I Love Society. Sung by Miss Connie Ediss.
7. I Think That Will Do for To-day. Sung by Mr. George Robey.
8. Good-bye (Tosti). Sung by Miss Percival Allen.
9. Hark, Hark the Lark. Sung by Mr. David Bispham.
10. The Huntsman. Sung by Mr. Dan Leno.
11. The Old Brigade. Sung by Mr. Ian Colquhoun.
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6. Valse from "Romeo et Juliette." Sung by Madame Susanne Adams.
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